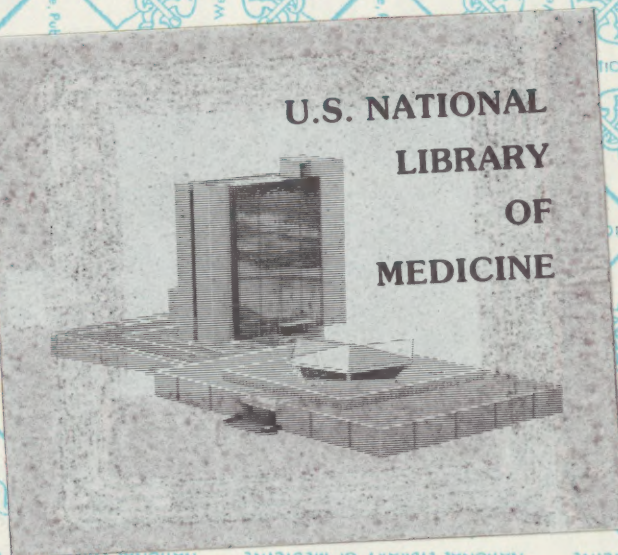




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“LEST WE FORGET”



The 24th Evacuation Hospital

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"LET WE FORGET"



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24th Evacuation Hospital

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October 1945



Proudly She Waved Above Us. (Erda)

448606

This book is a tribute of high esteem to the fine character and unending cooperation of our splendid enlisted men who made the 24th and its contribution to this great cause possible. It is presented to them by the officers and nurses as a token of endless appreciation and it shall be a bond of permanent love and friendship. Those who fashioned this book regret that it had to be done so late and so hurriedly, but they trust that its spirit may express more adequately its honest intent. The existence of this book is due to the untiring efforts of our Chaplain.



"Whosoever entereth here shall find comfort
and strength".

Three years and three months ago this unit was activated for the purpose of taking care of the sick and wounded in combat areas. Some of you have been with the unit most of that time. Thru the months of training and maneuvers you worked hard and long, getting prepared to accomplish your mission. When combat arrived you were prepared and took over in a grand fashion.

You have proven yourself to be one of the finest evacuation hospitals in the army. This was accomplished by your untiring efforts, devotion to duty and loyalty to the unit. You have given the patients that personal, individual and sympathetic touch that is so essential to their personal satisfaction. You have received written commendations from many people, generals to privates, and more verbal ones. Medical and surgical consultants of armies have praised your work highly. You can be proud of your accomplishments. I am proud of you and happy that it was my privilege to be a part of this unit.

It is with deep regret that we are now rapidly breaking up. That, however, is as it should be since your work has been completed. May your civilian work be a credit to the country as your work here was a credit to the army.

Carl M. Rylander

Colonel, M. C.



“At the Beginning”

The world was seething with intrigue, anxiety and confusion. Europe was already at the mercy of Hitler and his gang of villains, gangsters and conglomerate anti-humanitarians. England was freezing and boiling in the anticipation of far worse things, than those already suffered by her. China on the other side of the sphere was being victimized by the unscrupulous killers and debauchers of the rising sun who were aping their European teachers far too well. Amongst all this the Americans were sweating with great concern and indecision as to what to do and what not to do. Our necks became cranes and swivels as we tried to follow the fast activity of destruction and annihilation on both sides of us. There we were dangling amidst the cries of those who said, “Let us not repeat 1917 when we sacrificed our boys for naught;” and those who reiterated “We must act or Hitler and his proselytes will overrun the world.” Thus we were looking left and right; fixing our vision and yet not seeing; pressing our ears and yet not hearing. Or else we were hearing and seeing far more than we wished without bearing upon a decision to act. Suddenly all was decided when with the utmost of deceit and treachery Japan struck a fast blow at us on December 7, 1941. Thus we were in the world’s greatest, most terrible and most gigantic conflict, again to fight for the preservation of the American way of life. Then the fast and enormous wheels of our defense were speedily set in motion and a giant army and navy, doubtlessly planned before, was begun. In all this enormous plan and program we were to play an important minor part.

“Way down upon the Swanee River”

When the conception occurred we do not know, but on June 15, 1942 a babe christened “24th Evacuation Hospital”, first saw the light of day in the dusty and hot oasis of the one of our army’s endeavors. How small a thing it was in so huge a place. Yet this little thing with countless persuasion grew until it was strong enough to cross the ocean and make its contribution to ours and humanity’s cause on this foreign land. Now this, once a babe, is praying to return to its dear “Home, Sweet Home” before it becomes too aged and too feeble.



ACTIVATION AND MANEUVERS

Activation

Just when the 24th was born could be a matter of speculation. The official records of the Army will show the date as the 15th of June, 1942. Who can say that it wasn't conceived when each and everyone of us first saw the light of day and were unknowingly destined for it.

For all practical purposes we might say the ball started rolling when one officer and twenty-three enlisted men boarded a train at Fort Custer, Michigan, and headed for that hot and god-forsaken spot known as Camp Rucker, Alabama. Of those original pioneers there are but seven left. (At this writing they are Shalda, Hoffman, Gorski, Farkas, Muska, Heintz and Hicks.) It is doubtful if anyone of the original group could have, in their wildest dreams, known what the future had in store for them. Their first month at Rucker was one dedicated to clean-up details. It seemed as if they were destined to clean all the barracks and mess halls in camp before settling down to one of their own. The details had to be divided among themselves, so it was a familiar sight to see T/Sgts and S/Sgts doing their own KP, walking guard, cleaning latrines, etc. along with the others. During this period several more officers joined the unit. Some were to become known to all members of the unit both past and present, such as 1st Lt. Huey, 2nd Lt. Brown and Captain Woodburn. Others would be remembered only by those who sweated out the initial period, such names as Lt. Spruel, Lt. Bercier, Lt. Cox, Captain Bartholic, Captain Grounds, Chaplain Giltner and, of course, the first Commanding Officer of the organization, Colonel Rex Bolend.

The biggest speculation among the enlisted men of the cadre was when the fillers would come. Finally after several false alarms, on a hot afternoon on the 28th of July, a train arrived with manna from heaven. 128 bright shining rookies. All of them were 7 day veterans from the reception center, Fort Dix, N. J. All were awe-struck by a giant first sergeant strolling up and down trying to get a semblance of a formation. It was their first encounter (but far from the last) with the million and one gnats that proceeded to fly in their eyes, ears, nose, in fact any part of the human anatomy that was exposed while standing at attention.

Now with the new recruits in tow, basic training got under way and the ball had started rolling. The men were billeted in three separate barracks. Considerable rivalry existed among the barrack leaders as to who had the cleanest, neatest, etc. of everything. Friday nights got to be clean-up time

and how the mops and brooms would fly. Only one difficulty existed, no one ever figured out a way to keep the water from the second floor dripping down on the unfortunates below.

With the usual classes under way, things were settling down to a steady routine. But there were days when the routine was badly interrupted. For instance, the day that we had our first class in heavy tent pitching and were formally introduced to a ward tent. After a half hour of instruction by the 1st/Sgt and being told that a good team could pitch a tent in 25 minutes at the most, we proceeded to watch a demonstration which lasted for three hours. Then only four corner pins and the poles were in place. The ground was so hard that one whole box of pins was split and finally the class was dismissed with the explanation "Well, you get the general idea." Perhaps others will remember the day that Sgt Hoffman sprained his ankle, was drafted to be a guinea pig in anatomy class and finally wound up with a leg cast so heavy that he couldn't even move with it. Along with the unusual there were, of course, events that took place daily. Such as those mad dashes for the coke machine during a ten minute break, (those were the only times anyone moved faster than at a snail's pace in that heat) — or those daily showers that were over before you could get a rain coat on and almost always at Retreat time, which of course made no one very mad — or those weekend passes to Ozark, Enterprise or Dothan which were classics. Sweating (meant literally) out the bus line for those boom towns was a mistake that wasn't made two times in a row. Of course, there were other weekends with trips to Panama City that will bring back many a memory and a chuckle. Perhaps others will remember how they stuffed themselves at "Ma Brown's" with all the chicken they could eat for 75 cents. The only good excuse for going into Enterprise.

The first bivouac for all of us took place about a month after our arrival and it was a momento that few of us have forgotten. Pitching our pup tents by the numbers and trying to conceal our grins at a command that put half the platoon out in the middle of a lake. Up early the next mornig expecting a cool and refreshing swim only to find the water so warm that you felt you were taking a hot bath.

Shortly after our first bivouac we received our baptism of fire with a night march. Captain Grounds was popping up in the darndest places with sky-rockets, flares, pistol shots, plus a full scale tear gas attack. It was really a unique night. At the half way point of the march the mess came through with some coffee, sandwiches and such. It was one of the few times in our early army career that we were really and truly glad to see that "Simon Legree" of a Mess Sergeant, as we limped (and I do mean limp) back into camp in the wee hours of the morning only to be wakened up a few hours later for calisthenics. Later we found out it was all the CQ's fault and he rapidly became the most unpopular man in the outfit.

With a little more than a month gone by, the unit started to break up for specialist training and small groups started to depart for Surgical Tech, Medical Tech, X Ray, Cooks' and Bakers' Schools. No one seemed very happy

about either leaving or with their particular assignment. Those left behind felt that they should have been picked to go to some place also. In the unit itself Clerk School was started and the Drivers' classes. Everyone that was left settled down to a dull existence and continued to gripe about the lack of places to go to and their favorite topic was the heat.

After putting up with the two hottest months of the summer and starting to anticipate some cool weather, the Army decided that we were not happy enough at Rucker, so, on the 1st of October the organization packed up bag and baggage and headed further south for Camp Blanding, Florida. Our first glimpse of Blanding was a rather dark one. We arrived about midnight and there was a mad scramble for barracks and beds. In the morning we found as many as twenty men in a barracks meant for twelve, while others spent a very pleasant night with as few as five in their barracks. The next few days saw all settling down in their new homes and the Mess Sergeant wielding his whip in an attempt to clean up the Mess Halls which really were a "Mess".

After things had calmed down a bit, basic training continued in earnest. Hikes, bivouacs and such ceased to be a novelty and were considered a thing to be avoided if at all possible. The end of October saw most of the men returning from specialist schools and bringing back with them some new men who had been transferred to the unit while at school. Their first day back should be a memorable one for all. There was a hike scheduled that afternoon. It was made in O. D. 's and low cut shoes by the returnees, since none of their luggage had arrived. With all the trained technicians back we played hospital a few times with imaginary set-ups. One of the most memorable of these was Sgt Farkas taking the part of the patient. He was sent to the bath tent where several of his more popular KPs proceeded to give him a GI bath, complete with GI soap and scrubbing brushes. The air was filled with threats of "Wait 'till I get you on KP" but the boys went right ahead and enjoyed their brief moment of triumph.

The start of another month saw the outfit expand a little more with 125 new men. They, like the original bunch, were fresh from reception centers and it appeared as if we were all going to go through Basic Training once again. This month also saw a change of Commanding Officers with Colonel Bolend being transferred to another Evac and Colonel Rylander assuming command of the 24th. This month also saw the first ratings. Pfc stripes were being proudly exhibited, while those who were fortunate enough to jump all the way to Cpl were both envied and kidded.

When Basic Training was finished for the first group, everyone's mind seemed to be turned to the thoughts of a furlough. The rumor started one day that Detachment Headquarters was accepting applications and within two hours there were over a hundred and fifty applications on the Detachment Clerk's desk. Later we found out that they didn't do much good. However, some were fortunate enough to get away for a short while. During the 1st/Sgt's absence, Detachment Headquarters was in quite a turmoil with the acting 1st/Sgt granting everyone three day passes. Every man in the unit had a Class

"A" pass whether he deserved one or not. It was also about this time that the expression "Hoine" was quite popular throughout the outfit, though to this day no one is quite sure just what it means.

Just to break the monotony (at least that was our idea) we moved once again. Only this time it was just to a new location in camp. It was still the same sand, the same barracks. The only thing different was the fact that we could go to another numbered movie. It was in this area that we spent our first Christmas, complete with Christmas tree and all. Of course, it looked a little bit out of place as we had it planted in the sand, but it was complete with all the trimmings and added a touch of atmosphere to the occasion. Christmas Eve was quite a hectic night with open warfare on the Non-Coms. Weapons consisted of buckets of water and the battle dress was principally shorts. However, a few unfortunates were caught with their pants on. All in all it was quite a wet night.

In January, we found that cold weather also comes to Florida, particularly on overnight bivouacs with blackout precautions and no fires to keep warm. Most everyone was playing football in an attempt to keep warm, since there wasn't too much to be done. It was also on one of these Alaskan excursions that one of our officers delivered a mighty blow to what appeared to be a substantial tree, only to have the whole tree collapse, much to his surprise and everyone else's. This month also saw several more new officers join the organization.

More men were sent away to Tech schools and those left behind became more and more familiar with tent pitching of all sorts. Sandwiched in with the tent pitching were some long marches that gave everyone something to gripe about, and of course, there were all sorts of standard jokes about our being "motorized" "mobile" or what have you.

In the next few months we lost several groups of men to units that were alerted and were shoving out. In return we had men transferred into the outfit that were away at various schools and whom we did not see till several months later. It was about this time that an order came from one of our more infamous generals making the song "This Is The Army Mr. Jones" compulsory singing on all hikes and marches. The pay off came during a Saturday parade at which this General was to review all the troops and the said song was to be sung as the troops passed in review. Well, the troops paraded, the band played, the men opened their mouths, but no words came out. That was the end of Mr. Jones.

"Having gotten in a rut" by not moving in the past few months, we decided to keep our record clean and move once again. This time also to another spot in the same camp. Still the same sand, but alas the barracks were a different type, that compensated for all the effort in moving. It made our third set-up in Blanding and so far we had moved right around Lake Kingsley. This area saw some of our famous one way marches to Green Cove Springs and then the ride back. That is, if you had enough strength left to crawl into the truck after a 25 mile jaunt.

Of course, all this training and no play goes to make the 24th GI a dull boy, so the weekend passes were not neglected to such thriving towns as Starke and the mother of them all "Boom Town". Of course, on payday or any other time for that matter, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and occasionally Daytona came in for their share of attention by everyone. Once again "we were plagued by the bus lines" to the bigger towns, and needed more than a little patience to sweat out one of those lines on a weekend. With the warm weather staring in once again, good use was made of the lake that surrounds the camp and the swimming was really refreshing, especially after a hike.

Some of our technicians were placed on special duty at the station hospital in camp, so they could get some practical experience, and we were a bit envious of the white coat brigade as they left each morning. They were exempt from exercises and some of the other details that the others were catching. However, they received quite a work out at the hospital which proved to be a very profitable bit of training for all of them.

One memorable night that occurred in our waning days at Blanding was a party and dance that was to be held at St. Augustine, and supposedly there were to be 130 WACs there. After waiting a reasonable length of time (at least a half hour), the men took it upon themselves to find their own dates, plus a little help from the USO, and the party went on as scheduled. Afterwards no one seemed too disappointed that the WACs failed to put in an appearance.

Our last days at Blanding were busy ones, as we were to go on maneuvers, and everyone was busy packing supplies, marking crates, and loading box cars. In the meantime new officers were joining the outfit and now it seemed that we had quite a few strangers among our midst. All the men had returned from their respective Tech schools. The last few nights were extremely hard on everyone as all the married men were busy packing up the Mrs. and getting her ready to go home and all the single men seemed to be trying to get in just one last fling before taking off for the wilds of Tennessee.

With the big day of departure near, the barracks became rather deserted when all the beds were taken out and we slept on mattresses on the floors. Then we had to sweat out that last minute inspection by the camp commander to see that everything was in good shape before leaving and, of course, there had to be a few things that didn't quite meet his approval and that meant taking off our packs and giving something a fast blitz job. Even the Mess had to sweat out a few things as one, Sgt Farkas, had a few things he shouldn't have had and everyone had visions of unpacking a few crates. However, our fears were for naught and we finally headed for that Chattanooga Choo Choo. We found that just about as dirty as possible and after some bickering with the conductors it was cleaned up a bit. With that we settled back and took our last look at Blanding and tried to speculate just what the maneuvers would have in store for all of us.

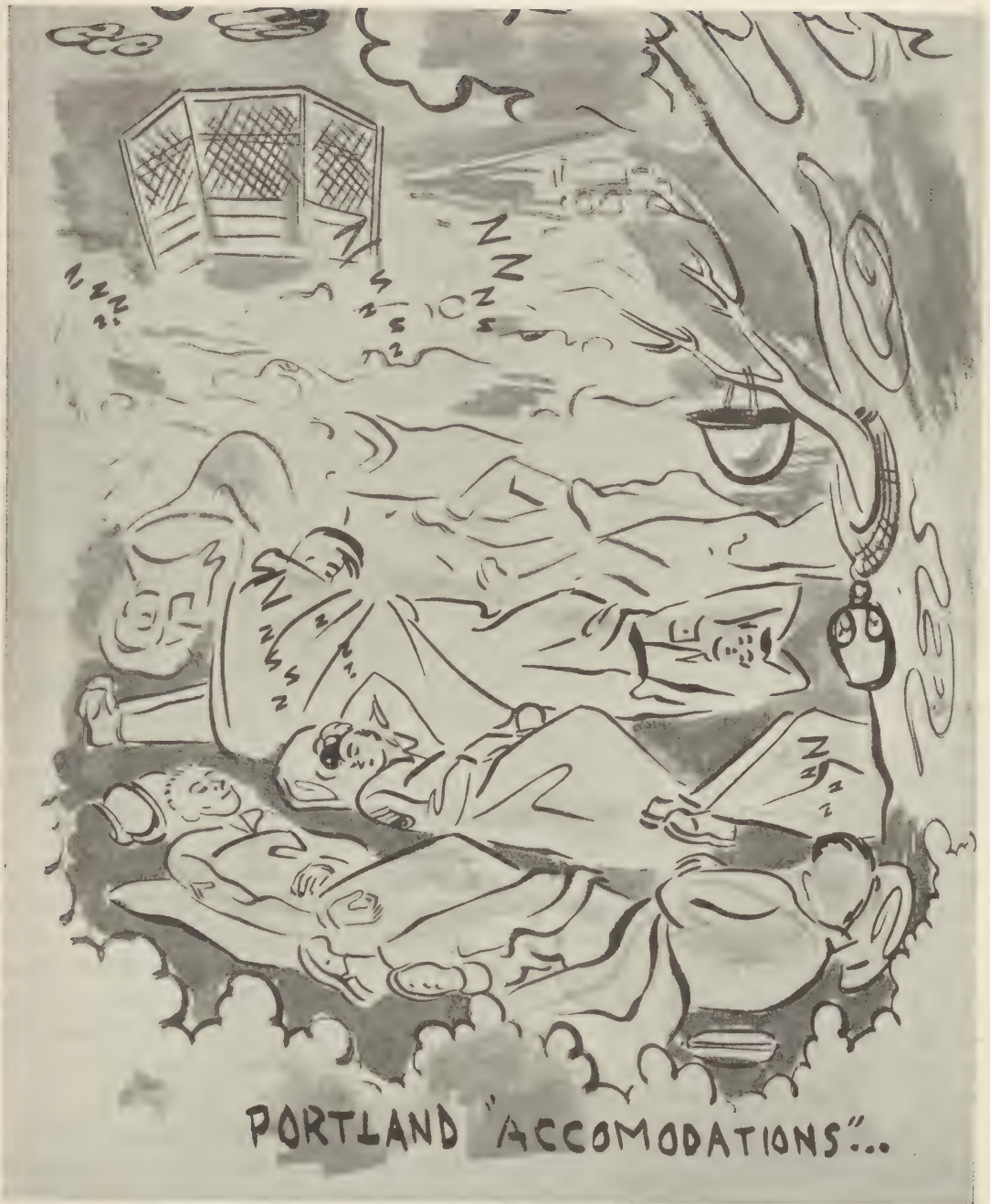
Thus ended what was the first phase of the training of the 24th and though this is a brief description of over a year's period it may bring back

many thoughts that had been buried way back there. One strange coincidence is, that the organization left for maneuvers just one year to the day after it was activated.

“Tennessee Maneuvers”

June was at its glorious best the morning of the 13th in the year 1943, when we left the drudgery of Camp Blanding and basic training to the shifting sands of Florida and boarded our train for Tennessee and something new and different in our army life. Maneuvers! With all the days of carefully packing and loading our new equipment in the past and with our vehicles securely made fast to the squat little flat cars we were ready for new horizons. So we rolled northward through Georgia, leaving our memories of Boomtown, St. Augustine, Silver Springs and all the little pleasures and agonies of the past long weeks and months behind. Garrison soldiers no more, for ahead lay the primitive existence of field soldiers.

It was nearly midnight when our weary engine groaned to a stop at Portland, Tennessee, and we detrained finding ourselves homeless. No comparative security of barracks in which to rest our weary bodies, but rather the rude unfriendliness of the earth in a convenient ballpark in which we spent that sleepless night. Things were tough in Tennessee and they became more so when a detail was chosen to unload the vehicles in that grim and ghostly hour of the night. Awakening the next morning we were hustled off to our bivouac area just east of this sleepy little whistle-stop and here we proceeded to stake out our new home. With all our ingenuity we pitched our pup tents and made them secure, we believed, against the ravages of nature. But several nights later, when the rains came, we realized that we had much to learn in this respect. The memory of sitting on our helmet in that humble abode with the angry waters swirling about our feet will linger long with us, for it seems those little bibles on how to pitch a pup tent had neglected to mention such nights as these. But there were compensations. Those sultry afternoons when we swam in the cool waters of the nearby lake or chased an elusive baseball over the confines of the aforementioned ballpark helped speed the marching feet of time and our bivouac ended in three fleeting weeks. Those three weeks of battling the ever present flies that found their way around our inadequately placed mosquito nets; of preparing our equipment for the operations which lay ahead and of accustoming our protesting bodies to this Tennessee terrain made field soldiers of us. On June 23, Miss Alice Ensor led a forlorn little band of 19 nurses into our midst to endure bravely in the future months all that the elements had to offer. Their first impression of our wilderness home must have produced visions of “Westward Ho” and

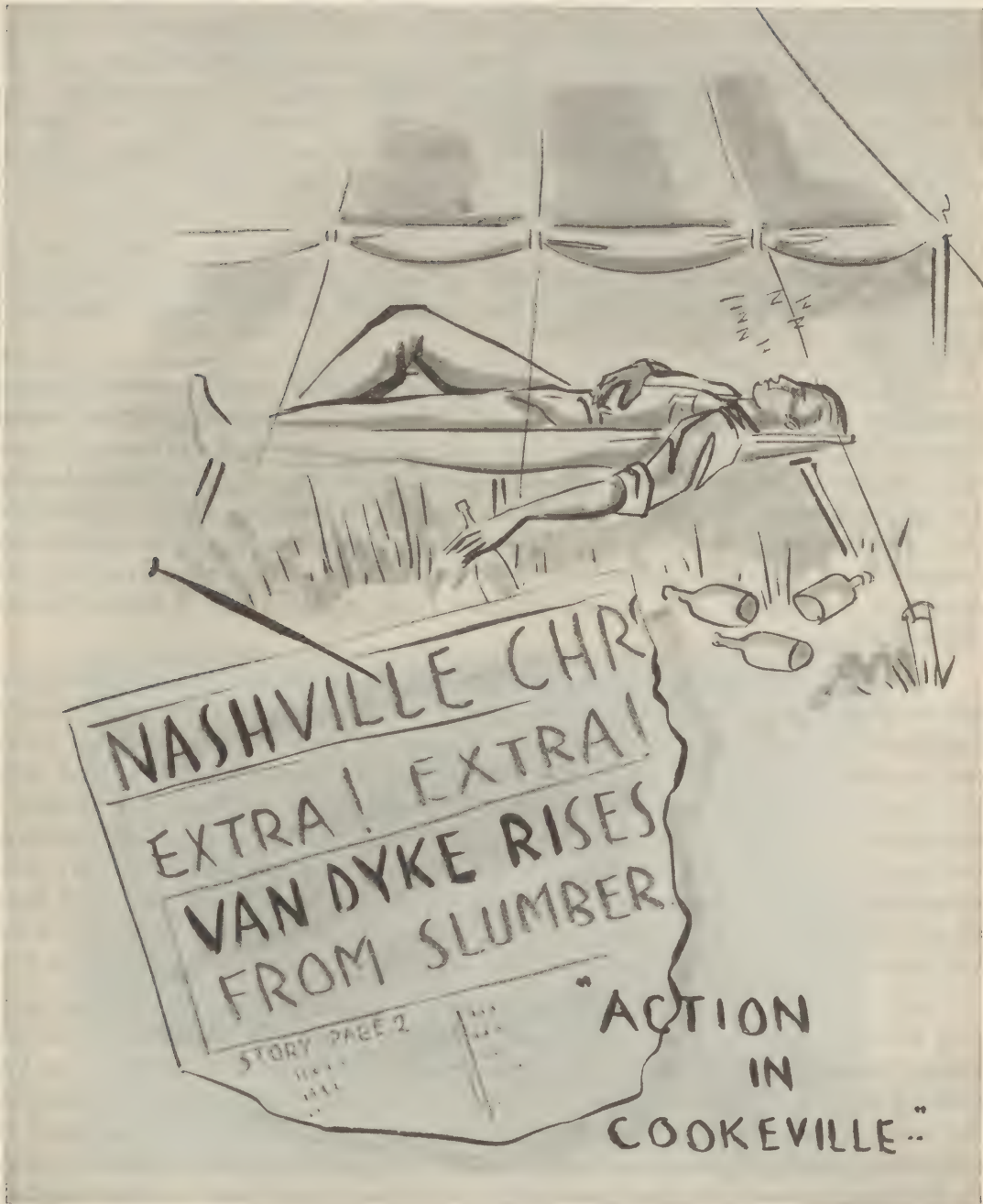


the pioneer women who blazed the trails of progress many years before. So now we were complete. Assembled and readied like a brand new automobile for our first trial and we had not long to wait.

In the early morning of July 2, 1943, a convoy moved slowly out the dusty little lane and reaching the highway rolled swiftly through Portland to our first operational area, near the crossroads village of Castillian Springs. To some of the men this setting up of our hospital was an old routine, but to others the maze of ropes and canvas which we spread out over the rocky hills was a baffling mystery. Through the long day we patiently urged the protesting tent pins through the stony earth and raised the four masted ward tents beneath the trees on the hillsides. At 2 o'clock that afternoon the first patients passed through our receiving tent. The first trickle that was to swell into a torrent of sick and injured men that seemed endless through those first terrible days. We realized in those days how incompetent we really were in this business, but as the hours wore on our fumbling hands became more skillful and the first confusion settled into smooth routine. We knew that from there on in we would do the job. There were no hours of work and hours of leisure in those first days. We worked, slept, ate and worked some more for men were hurt and needed care and the show must go on. Though we did not realize it at the time this was to be our Waterloo of maneuvers, for on the third day in this area we received 182 patients, the highest rate of any day of maneuvers. In the light of things to come this was not a remarkable number, but to a unit inexperienced as we were, it loomed as a worthy mark of our ability to adapt ourselves to the unexpected.

On July 12, we rolled once more. This time to the little hamlet of Liberty, just west of the larger village of Westmoreland, Tennessee. Here we spread our canvas over the sun-baked hills of a peaceful valley on a torrid mid-July afternoon and retired that evening to erect our pup tent boudoirs high on a hill overlooking the valley. Across the valley the nurses' quarters clung perilously to a high cliff overlooking a small stream. Each morning they tumbled down the hillside in a cloud of yellow clay dust and each evening they wearily scaled this miniature Matterhorn to their cozy little pyramidal cottages. Looking back one recalls the novelty of attempting to sleep on the sharp hillside and of awakening in the morning to find the open sky overhead and the pup tent rapidly receding behind us. We recall the luxury of cokes at our little PX on the hillside and of movies in our open air cinema. But at that time we had little opportunity for reminiscing. On July 29, we moved to Cookeville.

When our faithful trucks crashed through the underbrush of our new area west of Cookeville we might well have imagined we had just debarked from an LCI on some South Pacific island, for our hospital site was a seething mass of undergrowth in a seemingly impenetrable forest. Armed with axes we set forth into these unexplored depths in search of the tent pins which would mark the site of our hospital tents and finding these well hidden objects of our search, we proceeded to laboriously clear areas large enough to



erect the tents. To say that the hospital was camouflaged is probably the utmost in understatement, for it took considerable knowledge of woodcraft to journey from Ward 1 to Ward 9 in the daylight. Those brave souls who worked the night shift stumbled blindly through the brush and prayed to God that their destination would prove to be the friendly gleam of a lantern in a ward tent rather than the cold confines of a well filled soakage pit. But the roving feet of civilization soon wore paths among the trees and our area developed into a pleasant cool refuge from the summer sun. We found in Cookeville more recreational facilities than in those other remote hamlets we had visited. The luxury of a steak dinner, dances, movies and other items of interest to soldiers presented themselves and we were quick to seize upon these opportunities after the barren weeks which lay behind. Aside from the fact that Main Street with its seething mobs of GI's resembled Times Square during the rush hour, we retained for the most part pleasant memories of Cookeville.

On August 25, we moved to Gallatin and found here our most pleasant area. For it was in this area on August 28th that the second phase of maneuvers ended and the personnel of the unit were given well-earned furloughs. 40% received these tickets to paradise on this date and 40% on September 5th. To the remaining 20% were left the duties of the hospital and the realization that wishing won't make it so. These fortunate souls who received furloughs proceeded to Nashville where they braved valiantly the seething throngs who clamored for tickets aboard the shabby little trains which groaned through the station daily.

With the furloughs over the unit moved once more, to Lebanon, Tennessee, where after 2 days of operation we received the long awaited news that we had been alerted and would leave the maneuver area. In this area we staked out our homes among the cedars for which this city was no doubt named, while the hospital lay in neat rows across a green pasture. So the 3 months of maneuvers were over, and looking back in retrospect we could afford to forget the long days and nights of work and the humble living conditions. We could remember the humorous little incidents which brightened the days and laugh at our discomforts, for it was back to garrison life once more. The life which we were so happy to escape 3 months ago was now eagerly awaited by all.

On the 18th of September, we bade farewell to the wilds of Tennessee and were introduced to the pleasant little post of Camp Tyson and to nearby Paris. Arriving in this Camp we were struck by the silver elegance of its high soaring barrage balloons which were to become so familiar during our stay. We were grizzled veterans now, or so we imagined, and could relax amid the confusion of the PX with a friendly bottle of beer or coke while we recalled in glowing phrases the past hardships. Especially so if our words found the ears of some unfortunate garrison soldier who had not undergone the weeks of maneuvers. We were first quartered in a WAC barracks and later were moved to our permanent barracks which seemed at first disappointing in that they did not approximate the luxury of our former home. Here began our pre-

paration for overseas shipment. All of the drab routine we thought we had left in Camp Blanding reappeared and we knew once more the dusty monotony of the drill field, the drowsy drone of classes and the weekly routine of setting up and striking the hospital. But there were movies and the PX and the weekend passes to look forward to. Nightly we attempted to drain a little pleasure from the placid surface of nearby Paris, but when weekends came around it was off to Paducah or Memphis and the bright lights.

Down through the days of autumn in October and November we waited and wondered. Wondered how long it would be until the inevitable voyage overseas. Meanwhile more furloughs were given and garrison life rolled on. In December the tempo increased and there began the last minute preparations. The endless showdowns and the long hours spent standing in line, often far into the night, to receive a pair of socks or a necktie or perhaps a pair of shoestrings which were missing somehow at showdown. There were physical inspections and the mental agony of immunization shots and more wondering. Men were taken through the infiltration course and on forced marches to bring records up to date. Headquarters became a feverish beehive of activity and as the long year was marked off the calendar we stood ready for the eventful crossing. We had undergone all the training the United States had to offer, and we could count the days which we would remain in Camp Tyson on the fingers of both hands.



Ready for Any Storm (Tyson)



OCEAN AND CHEDDAR

“New York P. O. E. and Points East”

Journey East

The afternoon of January 10, 1944 found our little band of officers, nurses and men assembled at the small railway station in Camp Tyson. Behind us lay the months of training and garrison life, the monotonous agony of maneuvers over these sparse hills of mid-America, the careful preparation for this moment, and also the loading of our baggage and the drill in how to stow ourselves in our assigned places on the train. The last furloughs and the nights spent trying to drain a few drops of pleasure from dull little Paris were only a memory. Yes, it was all over here at this place. A small band plays and feeling very apprehensive we file onto the train which stands panting astride the rails. We arrange ourselves in the seats for the long ride, the whistle sounds, the couplings grumble and we are on our way.

It is late by this time and the long shadows of evening are stealing over the rolling hills of the country, reaching down to blot the shabby little houses set among the naked maples from your vision and covering the drowsy little villages that are rural as only Tennessee can be. So as your train window becomes a black and empty void across which passes an occasional flickering light, you prepare for bed for there is nothing else to do. Many of the men choose to indulge in poker or dice, but for you this moment is too precious to be wasted. So you make up your berth, disdaining the luxury of a porter after all these self-sufficient months and you lie in the darkness intent on thinking. But the day has been too busy and the music of the clicking rails is too soothing and you drift into slumber. You awaken before dawn and scramble out of bed to beat the others to the tiny little washroom at the end of the car. After performing your morning ablutions you settle yourself to enjoy the day's ride.

You reach the broad, muddy, temperamental Ohio River at Louisville and after a brief stop, you grind slowly out of the station and gathering speed roll sullenly up the winding stretches of the river to Cincinnati. Cincinnati, large and sprawling and dirty as all cities seem to be along their arteries of commerce. You stop here for over an hour while the men who formerly called this their home gaze longingly upon the old familiar landmarks and close their ears to the disparaging remarks which those alien to this city make about it. Leaving this metropolis you rest your eyes upon the immeasurable agricultural wealth of Ohio. Upon the neat, virgin farms

with their tall cylindrical silos and their roving sleek cattle rummaging among the dry, wind-blown cornfields of winter. Across this wealthy plain you rove all day. Down into its southeastern corner with its deserted mining towns and their tall, lonely scaffolding which indicate that the bowels of this earth no longer give forth the wealth that man is eternally seeking. All too soon the day steals behind the slowly moving hills and the night is upon you once more. You stay up late this evening for Pittsburgh lies before you and you wish to see this smoky city of which you have heard so much. You see and you do not see for the darkness is thick with the cinders from the thousands of furnaces blasting their defiance to those who would trample upon the liberties of our nation. You see the rosy glow of the furnaces and the tall indistinct shape of the huge smelters and then it is gone again. So you settle into your berth and allow the song of the rails to lull you into slumber once more. During the night the hilly regions of West Virginia move swiftly by your window and you awaken once to find yourself in Wheeling and then nod off to sleep again.

As morning comes, you rumble through the eastern section of our nation and arrive in Washington D.C. You cannot help thinking that from this city the inescapable arm of Selective Service plucked you from your home and that in this sprawled giant your whole future is slowly being mapped and your every movement being watched. So you leave Washington with only a fleeting glimpse of the white capitol dome in your memory and you think that this is such a little view of that city which decrees that we must leave this way. You notice that you have left the great sprawling freedom of the middle west and are now in the teeming, crowded, industrial east. Over the flat lands of New Jersey laden with their evidence of a once thriving tourist trade you ramble. Land of numerous billboards and roadside cabins; of sleek racing autos and countless suburban villages; with the traffic pointed northward toward their mother city of New York. Outside the gray little city of New Brunswick your train slowly puffs to a stop for you have arrived at your temporary destination, Camp Kilmer. This is the closely guarded secret and you recall the rumors of the various camps in California, New York, Texas and Shangri-La that we were supposed to end up in. The journey is over and the ties are broken once and for all. The purpose of this camp is well-known and its gates loom before you like an inescapable entrance to misery and loneliness. So you gather your paraphernalia about you and dismount to trudge up the long hill to your barracks.

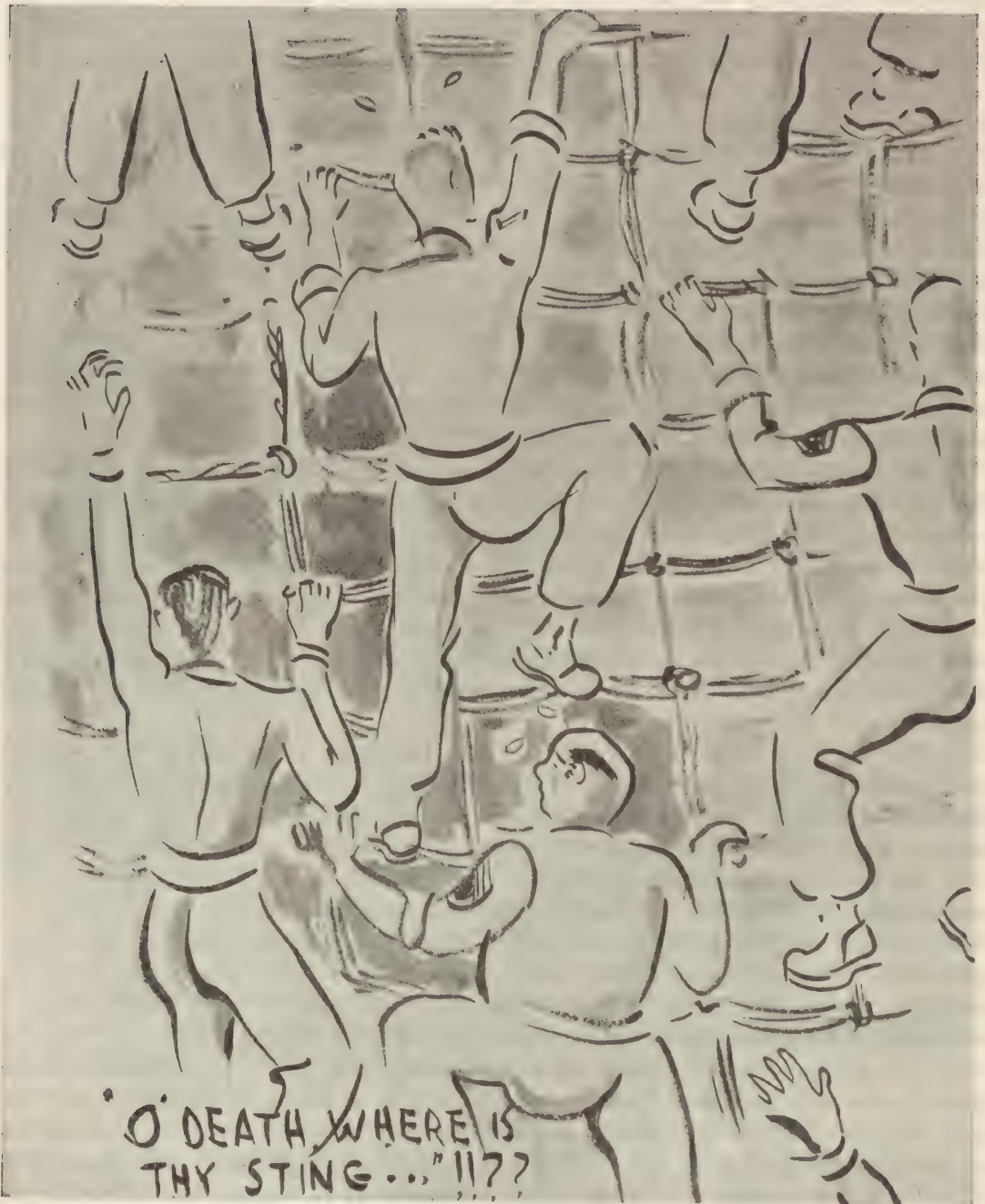
Camp Kilmer, New Jersey

The shrill, nerve tingling scream of a Sgt's whistle hastens you in your morning chore of lacing up your leggings and you tumble down off your top bunk and follow the sleepy-eyed gang down the stairs and out into the company street. The icy air of winter cleanses your lungs while you line up shivering to undergo the routine roll call. The company is sharp this morning and the reports snap from Sgt to 1st Sgt to Company Commander. We

have been told that it is important that we create a good impression. Why, God only knows! The day is spent in the beginning of our processing. This term, applied to all troops who are making ready for some important move, impresses you with the fact that you are meat ball about to be thrown into a can along with the spaghetti or something of that nature. It consists of showdown inspections for missing items of clothing that you are required to take along, physical examinations done with all the inefficiency of these port examiners whose only idea is speed, training in subjects such as boat drill and "How to stay adrift in a life boat" which send chills down your spine. This first day you get your physical. Undress, file down the row of naked bodies and allow the doctors to pound your chest and poke at your teeth like a farmer examining a horse at an auction sale. So you dress again feeling much like a sprinter after setting a new mark in the low hurdles. You know that the prime requisite was the fact that you were able to crawl in the door to begin with and that Rigor Mortis had not as yet set in. For ten days we roamed the confines of the camp or explored the cavernous thoroughfares of New York City on pass. It was not an unpleasant stay because we were much too busy to think of what lay ahead or behind.

So at the end of these 10 short days you trudge back down the hill to the railway station and your thoughts are many miles away from this frigid camp where the light from the barracks' windows gleams brightly upon the new fallen snow. The station is cold and empty looking and you are glad that you hustle hurriedly onto the train with the music of some far off radio playing "The Stars And Stripes Forever" in your ears. You settle back in your seat and feel American rails pulsing under you for the last time as you make your way down into New York once more to the Brooklyn Port of Embarkation.

The trip by ferry across the river to the dock from which you will sail is outstanding in its monotony. You stand trying to see from the rear of the ferry and failing in this you sit upon your duffel bag in the center of a morose group of soldiers and wait until you feel the gentle bump signifying that you have touched land once more. Clambering off the ferry you are struck more than anything by the lack of secrecy surrounding the embarkation. A band plays, scores of civilians wend their way among you and Red Cross girls hand out welcome coffee and doughnuts all down the lines of waiting soldiers. Your line stops and you take off your steel helmet and indulge in some hot coffee. You have just started to dunk the second doughnut when the signal is given, "Into the boat on the double". You grasp your helmet, throw your coffee cup still half full of its contents in a general direction in which you hope no hapless Red Cross worker loiters, cram the unfinished doughnut in your mouth and take off. As your feet leave this beloved soil and begin to ascend the gangplank, you muse cynically that many times though you may have visualised your departure you never dreamed that you would literally be run out of the country on the double. So it is gone and you do not realize just how long it shall be before you will once more have the privilege of leaving your footprints in the sands of America.



The Queen Mary

Once within the boat you wend your weary way down the corridor and descend the stairs. Your back aching from your well-stuffed duffel bag and your shoulders cut from the straps of your overladen pack. Down and down to D deck and your cozy little cabin for 500 odd men. It is a singularly depressing sight to begin with. This gloomy, smelly hold where the canvas pallets hang in tiers of three. Their cloth still sagging slightly from their former occupants. You are assigned to your place in the center of this maelstrom of bodies and equipment and plunking your burden down upon this little steel frame that will be your bed for the journey you explore your surroundings. The washroom with its crecked mirrors, the white little latrine which will hear the music of many regurgitations in the days to come, the stuffy little shower room whose salt water left you with the feeling that you have always imagined a pickled herring must have. So you lie down and stare at the low ceiling and doze off under the sedative of fatigue. You awaken and somewhere along the course of time that is now uncharted by your mentality you realize that the ship is under way. You can tell it in the slowly swinging web belts and mess kits hanging from the bunks and in the gentle pulsation of the motors far below you. You make a dash for the stairs. You simply must get a last glimpse of this United States you have already almost forgotten. You arrive on the vast, immaculately clean deck and clambering up the backs of 10 rows of GI's lining the rail you manage to see the harbor slowly flowing beneath you. Where is the Statue of Liberty? On the other side of the boat? Oh the Hell with it. And you climb back down the stairs again and resume your place on the bunk. The next 6 days you spend in a stupor induced by the nausea of the rolling sea, the stuffy atmosphere of the quarters and most of all by the lack of one single constructive occupation. You go up and watch the poker and crap games in which the pot rises to astronomical proportions and you get tired of this. You purchase your principle source of nourishment at the PX in the form of bars of English bittersweet chocolate and small cellophane wrapped Charms. For you cannot stomach the British meals of weak gray oatmeal and hard little sausages; of kidney stew and kidney pie and kidney in several forms until you imagine that your body must consist of a pallid skin covering innumerable kidneys. That they must glow with red ferocity from the pupils of your eyes and stick revoltingly from your separate ears. You cannot, in your weakened state, with-



LUXURY OF THE "QUEEN"...!!

stand the struggle of trying to maintain your equilibrium in the swaying, tilted, made-over ball room that is now a mess hall and at the same time chase your mess kit around the slippery tables. At intervals attempting to spear a sausage and place it in your indifferent mouth without suffering an amputation of the nose or a traumatic enucleation of an eye. Nor can you visualize yourself making the long trip down and down through the bowels of the ship to the mess kit laundry and attempting to swab your mess kit in the briny water furnished for that purpose. Many do not become seasick and lean patiently over the toilet bowl as others do, but your body and mind seem to rest in a suspended state of melancholy during the waking hours. You sleep and then you read a little. You sleep some more and then you walk around the huge vessel. Exploring the maze of hallways and corridors where sprawled soldiers lie against the walls. You slip on the vomit which lies in little pools on the stairways and you wonder that supposedly civilized people could suddenly become so revolting under the beating of the sea. You have read in some forgotten manuel of what to do aboard a troopship that fresh air will improve your condition. So you go up on the deck and out the little curtained doorway into the open. Standing at the rail in the early morning, the wild, untamed beauty of the sea leaves its indelible imprint upon your memory. Down below you the knife-like prow of the ship plows into the water sending it spraying out and down into the sea again. A magical fountain of mist, transformed in the sunlight into the most delicate of blues and purple and white. You have heard of the wide blue oceans, but they are not blue. They rise and fall about you a dull gray. The day is windy and the sea is rough, but you are told that it is unusually calm for this season of the year. You look across this barren, vast expanse of water until the rolling waves dissolve into the nothing where sky and water meet. The whitecaps chase frantically over the glassy surface and striking a bit of seaweed, disappear, only to take up the chase farther along the surface. There is nothing that can describe this scene. No poet has ever set it to verse, nor has any author been fortunate enough to imprison it between the covers of a book. You must see it and feel the stinging salt spray in your face, making a tangled mat of your hair.

The fifth night at sea is your worst. The rumor spreads that there are subs hunting this driving, speedy queen of the oceans. The sea itself is wild as you had never dreamed it could be. That afternoon you had spent in watching it from the open portholes of the promenade deck for no one was allowed on the open deck this day. The danger of being swept overboard was too great and this majestic ship will not stop for one human life when it might mean risking the lives of the other 15,000 odd inhabitants. So you clung to the porthole and stared out. You watched the waves coming up the whole side of the ship to the top deck and then watched them recede until they seemed hundreds of yards below you. Tiring of this and a little hesitant to watch further this unearthly struggle of the elements you went below to ride out the storm. That night the waves and the zig-zagging motion of the ship made an inferno of the crowded quarters. Mess kits, canteens, duffel bags, books and countless personal items went zooming through the air or slid

noisily along the floor under the bunks. You crouched under your blankets and waited for a direct hit feeling sure that this was your first taste of this war you had heard so much about.

On the night of January 28, while reposing upon your bunk, the familiar P. A. system which for so long had been telling you that everything was "by order of the commandant", announces a special broadcast and you hear the dry, close clipped British accent welcoming you to Scotland and informing you that you are now in the Firth of Clyde. So your journey is over. You still remember the boat drills and their hurried confusion on the stairs; the humor of these thousands of men parading in their puffy life jackets; those midnight details and your difficulty in trying to swab the decks with those round little mops of the navy. You remember these things but you are glad that you will be on land soon.

The morning of January 29, you go up on the deck to feast your eyes upon the beautiful green landscape of Scotland. The little village of Greenock at which you will debark looking like something off a Hollywood movie set, the emerald hills reaching down to the sea and the aquamarine blue of the harbor are balm to your eyes accustomed to the angry sea. You marvel at the array of ships in the harbor. Air-craft carriers sticking their snub noses over the water, sleek cruisers lying low and silver against the sea, dirty smoke smudged destroyers snarling their defiance in their bristling guns and among them all the minute little harbor craft drawing their foamy wake all over the blue surface.

But soon the order comes to go ashore and you go below decks and don your equipment. You trudge back down the same long hall you travelled when boarding the ship and down the perilous gangplank aboard the small boat which will take you ashore. You notice that ironically you are in a cold storage room of the ship. You eat a K Ration and watch the gruesome meat hooks in the room sway with the rhythm of the boat and you are disgusted for you didn't get to see the Queen Mary from the outside. For when the boat docks the small boat lies between you and the mammoth liner.

Once ashore you realize that you have grown sea legs during your journey, for the land feels queer and too substantial under your feet. You are hurried aboard a quaint little British train which reminds you of a Lionel toy you used to play with long, long ago. You cram yourself and your duffel bag in the tiny compartment and thumb through your recollections of the voyage. You recall rather bitterly the black market in sandwiches run by the British sailors aboard the ship; the day that Sgt Dunn attempted to best the sea in battle and came out of it with two separate suits of O.D.s. soaking wet. If you were an officer you would remember the tiny cabins originally occupied by 2 persons in which now were crammed 18 men and the pendulum which hung over the mirror attesting to the list of the ship. You would remember the revolting mixture of water and food on the floor of the Officers' Mess which sloshed backward and forward across the room with the roll of the ship. Yes, there were many things to remember, but they would



attach themselves to your memory later. They were too new at this time. So you draw the blinds for blackout, lay your weary head in your arms across your duffel bag and succumb to sleep. You are deep in the arms of Morpheus when you enter this England that for 4 months will be your home.

Sometime during the night a buddy taps you on the shoulder and you notice that the train has stopped at an English Red Cross canteen somewhere on these bleak moors. It seems we are to have "a bit of" refreshment. We get hot coffee and doughnuts and little meat pies that we discard as a unit after one bite. They are horrible enough with their cold greasy interiors. An American Red Cross girl enters the car passing out free cigarettes. We find that she hails from Detroit, Michigan, and you notice that your cigarettes are donated by the American Legion of Amarillo, Texas. Well, at least the U. S. A. still exists. You do not sleep any more, but smoke and think until morning. Passing swiftly through bomb battered Bristol you roll down the green meadows and hedgerows to Cheddar, Somerset, and in this village the train comes to a stop. So this is your destination? This small, picturesque village so near the sea. You detrain and march off down the hill and under the bridge for your introduction to the people, customs and countryside of England.

Cheddar, (Somerset) England

We all remember that first train ride in England. Who could forget? The queer compartments, the cold, the stiff seats, the stop at Carlisle for coffee. Just think back and you will see that one can't forget.

No one knew where or when. Oh, we heard rumors -- even on the boat (whose name must never pass our lips) we heard rumors. Some like all rumors were right. We were going to the south of England somewhere in Somerset near Bristol. And then, 39 minutes after a breakfast of hot tea and those turnovers, which unfortunately were meat pies, we arrived at Cheddar.

We all looked at the sign in the station and said, "Cheddar! Why, the cheese must come from here." Such is fame. We knew not the cliffs, the caves and the beauty of the Mendips. All we knew was the cheese!

The first impressions of Cheddar were a blur. To the officers and nurses who saw the town from the back of a 6×6 it was a blur and a lot of corners and staring people. To the men who marched with full packs it was just a hell of a time and place to have a road march. Besides those packs were heavy. Many a man wished that he hadn't sneaked contraband into his pack. And many were glad that they threw a lot of stuff away at that camp near New York (whose name we can't mention).

The first few days were spent in getting settled and in getting acquainted. We found that the hardest thing about England was the money. Even a genius couldn't tell if he were being cheated or not. Bob, Florin, Thrupnybit, Hapney, Farthing. Even the pennies were 2 cent pieces and it took weeks before we realized that a 10 shilling note was S. 2.00 and a pound \$. 4.00. Remember those 5 pound notes? Looked like a diploma and it just couldn't be good money. The thing we did was find a fairly honest place and hope that they didn't cheat us too much.

The next thing was the drinking facilities. We learned that the English certainly didn't know what beer was. At least not Budweiser or Pabst or Schlitz. They had mild & bitter, and stout. Of course, rarely we got Bass Ale & Worthington Ale. But most of it was "Mild & Bitter". Then the whiskey. At least the Scotch was good, but rare and watered. We didn't do too badly though after we found the right places and divided up, so we all didn't drink at the same place every night. What helped a lot too, was when the officers had their own club and got out of the pubs and the hair of the men.



Recall the names King's Head, White Swan, Butcher's Arms, Bath Arms, Cliff Hotel up by the dam, and what is the name of the one at the railroad station? Then the others in the distance. We all had favorites. The Lamb in Axbridge, Joe Nolan's in Wedmore, The White Horse way up on the hill at Wedmore, the ones in Weston Super Mare and the ones we didn't mention to a soul because they had whiskey!

The girls. Well, I could spend pages on the girls, but we'll just sit back and dream a little and not get too personal about the other fellows' girls. Also the men. It seems that the men found the nurses most attractive. We'd better be tactful and drop the subject, but as we think, a whistle or two wouldn't be wrong, or would it?

The people. A lot can be said for and against the English. They have a lot of faults, but we can truthfully say that in all of England we couldn't find a nicer, more cooperative and more hospitable town. There were exceptions. There always are. But who would want his or her hometown judged by a few persons that you could pick out? The town officials, the policeman Mr. Bailey, Dr Hopwood the dentist and chief of police, the fire chief, the school-teacher. Mr. Yound and Mr. Williams, the pastors of the churches. Mrs. Parker where we got toast and jam and, of course, the pubs and the publicans. The people of Cheddar were really hospitable and forgave and forgot a lot of our American fads and foibles. Even the village idiot and Mr. York, the onion man, were, shall we say, different.

The town itself was a revelation to us. It was an old town and it had a history that went back for centuries. The church of St. Andrews, part of it built in the 8th and part in the 12th century and the old market cross almost worn away by time. The old dams and the older houses. The houses the officers lived in were old when the British fought in Canada and in the Wilderness. Hanlith House for one was so old that even "Cheddar Nell" didn't remember when it was built. It was a nice town. Guide books might say a quaint town. And it was a clean town and except for Sunday a quiet town. Of course, we made noise, but Americans were supposed to be uncivilized.

The quarters were adequate, that should cover them and no more should be said. This article should not contain gripes, just memories. (We can have memories of gripes, too, can't we?)

We start with Headquarters, in the servants' quarters of the Manse. Nice view, old house, but cold! damp! and all in all inconvenient. Remember the little, or should we say wee stoves, that wouldn't burn? Of course, most of us kept away from Headquarters, so we'll keep away now.

Next Dispensary and Detachment. That was an old ramshackle place. Good though because of its location. We could slip across to the Batch Arms during the "Time". The 24th Engineers fixed it up, so it was almost a nice place when we left, even though we did try to burn down the building one Sunday morning. Quite a fire, and British firemen wreck the buildings just as adequately as Americans do.



Then the Mess. It must have been a nice restaurant once. It must have been beautiful, as we found out after the blackout of the men's mess was removed and they dined under water. Too bad that Farkas didn't throw a few of those fish into the pool rather than in the frying pan. For once, the men

got a better deal. A bright cheerful and colorful room compared to the officers'. And besides no stairs to climb. And after the long walk up to the mess hall, up hill all the way, stairs were important. We won't mention the food, though we will never eat pork again!

The quarters for the men were comfortable. Hutments, of course, and larger than those at home, but if there were enough early risers in the place, the room might be warm enough so that the canteens didn't freeze. Of course, the Sgts had a house! 'Nuff said.



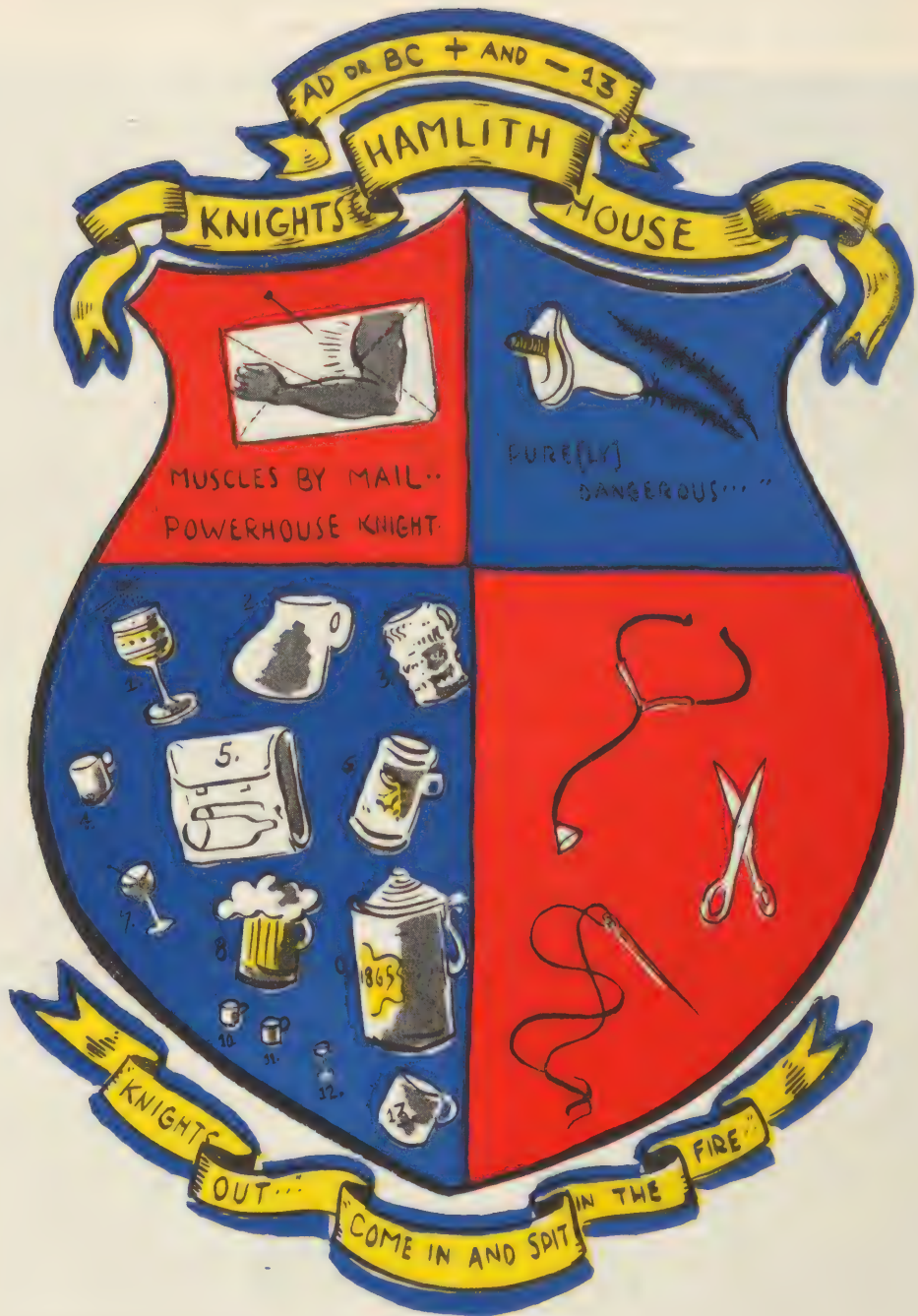
Our Cavern Mess Hall

The nurses were unhappy?! They were boarded out in homes and they liked heat. The British didn't, so the nurses were cold all winter. All winter they shivered and shook. The walk up to the mess was warming, however, so at least they were warm three times a day.

The officers were both comfortable and uncomfortable. The Hillview crowd was on the fence, the Hotel crowd was frank in their estimate of the situation, the place was a dump. The bold brave knights of Hanlith Manor were happy and warm and carefree and gay. Hanlith House in all its glory cast a shadow on Arthur's Round Table and many bold and gallant deeds were done by the Knights. How many ever saw their jousting place called Litt field! Never seen, if possible, by the knights because here exercises and calisthenics were done!

Hanlith Round Table

1. Chaplain Backenstose	"Holy" Knight
2. Capt. Morrison	"Silent" Knight
3. Capt. Wavy Friedman	Knight of the Waves (Permanent)
4. Capt. Nyvall	Knight of "Love"
5. Capt. Britt	"Day and Knight" (Of Bath Arms)
6. Major Edwards	Knight of the Pub



7. Major Chimera	Night-Club Knight
8. Capt. Cooper	"What a Knight"
9. Capt. Hogan	Knight of "Fistic Combat"
10. Capt. Sack	The "Last" Knight
11. Major Vesper	"Traveling Knight"
12. Capt. Litt	"Powerhouse" Knight
13. Capt. Van Dyke	Ooohhh!!"(Sleep on, brave Knight!)

Next to Hanlith House was the castle of the queen of Cheddar with its famous sign, "Ladies Toilet Inside". Cheddar Nell! The sweetheart and lady fair of the Knights of Hanlith.

To change the subject let's walk guard. What do you need? Oh, O.D.'s, a pistol belt, leggings, helmet and a girl. One never walked guard without one's arm around a girl - did one? No, never unless one was caught and thank God for the blackout.

Say, wasn't that blackout something? When they said blackout they meant blackout. How many fell into the creek? How many ran into walls? How many trained their feet so they could feel the white line painted on the road? Those long winter nights were dark, in fact without a moon they were black and we realized that there was a war going on pretty near.

Not as near as that night of the dance! Remember the sirens, that test run? (We thought!) Then remember the planes, the guns, the screaming whistle of bombs, the lurid light from fires and the realization that it was you the Germans were after. Remember the dud on the hill and the bombs in the gorge. Remember the plane shot down on the moor near Wedmore? We certainly had something to write home about, but wait! Those censors. Everything cut out or else we wrote the letter over again. To the men it was an invitation, but to the officers it was a job. Really, men, did you write long letters to spite the censors or did you really want to send 18 to 20 pages home? Every day, too?



Gorge Shadow

Well, to get back to Cheddar. The Gorge was beautiful and well worth seeing. The climb up Jacob's Ladder and the walk along the top was nice even without a girl. With a girl, well, it was nicer. The caves were also worth a visit. We naturally told them about our caves back home. Bigger and better. But their caves had a history. The Romans hid there. The old Saxons before 1066 and after that the new people, the present English. And to prove it they dug up remains.

A thought of Cheddar would not be complete without memories of those bike

rides in the spring. Beautiful country, ripening hawthorne and lilacs and roses and frequent stops at the pubs. The longer rides to historic Wells or to Glastonbury Abbey with the grave of St. Patrick and King Arthur. Or to Weston Super Mare and Burnham by the Sea. Resort towns with lots of fun and things to do. Rides to the Rock of Ages where we climbed into the cleft and for the more sturdy rides to Bristol. Poor bombed-out Bristol, but still a city to visit and a place to play. Then the truck trips to all these places and to Bath to see the Roman Baths and other Roman ruins.

No wonder the time went fast and it was soon spring. A nice spring though it rained every day, at least a little. A spring with fresh strawberries and Mr. York and his onions and radishes.

Then the games on the playground. The soft ball and baseball games. Remember the game with the Quartermaster? Gorski almost had apoplexy. Remember the officers' games? Colpoy's catch and disappearing act? Then the nurses playing the men? Of course, some of the men weren't gentlemen. They stood up and didn't lie down or sit down to play.

There were some unpleasant things, too. Showdown inspections; making crates later discarded as the army issued waterproof boxes. Packing and unpacking trucks. Wiring tents, pitching the hospital making camouflage nets which were never used and road marches. There is only one that really comes to mind. Remember, we finished the march and everyone expected to fall out at the motor pool and Major Edwards, thru Snafu, thought we were supposed to go up the gorge? That was a road march or rather mountain climbing in cadence.



Alexandria Hall



The Expendibles M 1

Then the classes in Alexandria Hall? Classes that seemed to have no purpose. Yet they must be attended. The dances and parties at Alexandria Hall were eagerly attended, too. And "Roll me over" was quite the song and the Chaplain loved the "Hokey Pokey". Remember the British movies? A nice theatre, but the British films were terrible.

We had a few changes in Cheddar among officers and men. And the Laundry joined us. They were a nice bunch of boys. Hard working, willing and able. They really were a welcome addition to the hospital.

Isn't it funny, as you sit back and dream, how things pass through your mind. The stream along the road to the mess and the trout. Beautiful big trout filled the stream and yet when we left, if there was an eel in the stream he must have been lonesome. Forbidden water, too. "No fishing!"

Of course, we all fed the fish cheese after a Sunday supper and maybe at dusk there was a hook in the cheese and a line attached so we wouldn't lose it down stream. Maybe! Anyhow they tasted good.

Charlie Chan had fun, too, with a borrowed gun and his "labbits." He caught some, too, or shouldn't we put it in print? Anyhow, it was fun and Mr. Bailey the policeman always used to point out large fish and good spots and then conveniently leave.

If was late spring now and the trucks and clothes were packed and we were wondering when. Little did we realize what that D-6 we so cheerfully stencilled all over the boxes meant or what the "Omaha" meant. Of course, we knew almost when the townfolk told us. "You are leaving next week since the rents are only paid till then. You will leave on the 9 o'clock train as there are a lot of empty cars in the yards." Funny, isn't it? They were the same people who asked us how we liked our ride on the Queen Mary and our trip down from Scotland.

Well, we look back on Cheddar with pleasant memories and some of us go back to see the people and marry the girls and some of us wish we could. All of us remember it as a pleasant interlude before from the storm of Normandy. Cheddar will always linger in our memories and, of course, how can we forget when there is Cheddar Cheese. (Genuine Made in Wisconsin.)



“D Day to La Cambe, France”

It could have been one of those rare bright mid-summer mornings in Cheddar, but as fate would have it, our first move toward European soil, as we were destined to discover, was to be surrounded by the typical inclement weather with which the 24th usually set out in convoy. For the past two days, the radios had screamed with the minute details of the long-awaited invasion of the continent, and a certain tenseness was in the atmosphere that morning of June 8, 1944 — a tenseness intermingled with a sense of elation, the latter probably due to our ignorance of what fate had in store for us. For five months we awaited the eventful day which would speed our final journey home. And now, two days after D Day, our day had arrived and we were to become an integral part of the massive war machine which was being flung at our enemy.

We left our I.P. as scheduled, and as we, the conquering heroes, marched in the rain to the depot we were impressed by the lack of cheers which prevailed as we walked through “drippy” Cheddar. It couldn’t possibly be a “dry run” — or could it?

Our arrival in Cheddar Station was at the appointed time. The “appointed time” being at least an hour before the train arrived. (Perhaps the train was late.) We finally climbed aboard after being pushed aside by civilians who must have had higher priorities than the 24th. Surely our British cousins were aware of the important mission which we were about to embark upon.

The train ride was uneventful, or should I say nothing unusual, and we reached our destination by mid-afternoon. Thence we boarded trucks which carried us to the marshalling area in Truro, not far from Falmouth, on the southern coast of England. We were crowded into pyramidal tents (ten men to a tent). It seemed like a waste of space to have so much canvas extending skyward. (By this time someone must have discovered a method whereby double decker cots can be placed in the tents or, a method of removing the unused upper half and using it as a second tent which would easily accommodate six or eight more men!)

We will never forget that first meal at the marshalling area with Brockwurst (a rarity at that stage of the game) and pure white wholesome bread — Angel Cake — was never more delicious! It was on the following morning, June 9, 1944, that we were issued DDT powder, Halazone tablets, field burners, tablets to prevent seasickness, K Rations, D Rations and — one carton

of cigarettes — as a result of which we were finally convinced that we were not on a dry run. The D rations gave specific directions that a single ration should be eaten very slowly, the entire process requiring half an hour. It is not our intention to humiliate any members of the 24th, so we will refrain from mentioning names, but one of our captains (it will do no harm to say he was a dental officer who was inclined towards administering anesthetics) ate all three of his rations with the addition of two more which he “borrowed” before we had time to board our Liberty ship.

On that afternoon of June 9th, we were taken to the Port of Embarkation. After arriving at the Port of Embarkation in Falmouth harbor, we waited in the yard for a good hour and had a final roll call. At the crucial moment we doubletimed up to the pier, dyspneic and perspiring, and waited alongside the “Francis Drake” which we boarded approximately an hour later. “Hurry up and wait.” We didn’t mind too much but our musette and duffel bags were getting heavier and only by frequent inspection did we convince ourselves that some practical joker was not putting rocks in our bags.

It was a relief to finally board the “Francis Drake”, but much of a disappointment to discover that we did not have better sleeping accommodations. It wasn’t so bad sleeping in those triple decker bunks as long as you didn’t breathe too deeply (if you were breathing at all) and knock your fellow soldier off the bunk above with the excursions of your chest. Sleeping in shifts was a necessity due to a shortage of bunks and we always looked forward to the time when it was our partners’ turn to occupy the bunk. The “Walls of Jericho”, “a tarp to youse guys,” was all that separated the nurses from the men — very convenient for the lucky fellow on the upper bunk. In all seriousness, our hats off to the girls for taking the rough deals like such good soldiers. I can sincerely say that we all appreciated the added hardships which the nurses were compelled to endure, and they certainly disproved the old theory that it was a man’s war.

We boarded the “Francis Drake” at 2100 on June 9th and the ship didn’t hoist anchor until 0215 on June 11. We were not the least bit disappointed that the “Luftwaffe” had not discovered us since the southern coast in those days was a target for frequent aerial bombardments. Our first meal on board ship was breakfast at 0500 — 10 in 1 rations. The chow line was 3 rows deep around the deck and if you were fortunate enough you could have had your hot breakfast by noon. Shed a tear for those men who sweated out the wrong line and discovered after 2 hours that they were approaching the G. I. wash cans! On the meal hours that followed, most of us were content with just eating our own K Rations at the risk of cracking our teeth on those delicious, vitamin packed, “energy biscuits”. At any rate the sea gulls appreciated the energy biscuits and kept us amused with their ability to retrieve the crackers in mid-air. What kept them in the air and afloat after consuming 2 or 3 crackers is still a mystery. Perhaps the vitamins liberated some sort of energy which resulted in jet propulsion!

Among other “conveniences”, the Liberty ship was equipped with a latrine on the main deck consisting of a trough, a bucket, a hose with running water

and a stretch of canvas. It would have been an excellent idea if the "Francis Drake" had been more cooperative and had not lurched so frequently. Enough said!

In bold white letters, "D-6" was visible on the bridge of the ship and we were now certain that we were to land on June 12. When the ship hoisted anchor at 0215 on June 11, the submarine nets in Falmouth harbor opened up and closed behind us as we steamed into the English channel. At 1100 we met the rest of the convoy and the "Francis Drake" with the Commodore aboard led the convoy as the flag ship. Innumerable ships were stretched behind us fading into the horizon. The air escort was a gratifying sight as our planes of all descriptions zoomed overhead. Our escort ships dropped a few depth bombs that afternoon and the ship rocked under our feet as we awaited certain death, ignorant of the sounds produced by different explosives. If a U boat had been anywhere near us it was either on the bottom of the channel now or going in the opposite direction.

After a second restless night we awoke at dawn on June 12 to find ourselves anchored off the coast of Normandy. Thousands of ships of all varieties stretched far beyond the horizon. A magnificent sight which shall never be forgotten. The sky was studded with barrage balloons and distant bursts of gun fire were audible as clouds of smoke rose from the shore. Throughout the day an occasional balloon would become loose of its mooring, and after reaching lower atmospheric pressures the balloons would burst and we would watch them fall into the water. When we became tired of looking for loose barrage balloons we amused ourselves watching the merchant marines unloading the ship.

Towards dusk — the days were long and it did not become dark until 2300 — an LCT boat pulled alongside of the "Francis Drake" and Major Edwards came aboard with an order for the surgical group to land immediately, and proceed to the 51st Field Hospital to relieve the medics there who were at the point of fatigue. Major Edwards was our reconnaissance officer and had landed on D plus 1. Three trucks were loaded on the LCT and the surgical section climbed down the starboard side of the "Francis Drake" with full packs. The training we had at Kilmer for abandoning ship was finally paying dividends as we went down the cargo nets holding onto the vertical rungs to prevent having our fingers stepped upon. Upon reaching the bottom of the cargo net we waited for the LCT which was rocking violently, to come up to meet our feet or else dropped at the risk of breaking our necks.

Without a single casualty we proceeded towards shore on the LCT and pulled into "EASY RED" on Omaha Beach. As the huge gate in front of the LCT dropped down some of us jumped on the trucks and others walked through water knee deep. It was about 11 P. M. and it had begun to get dark as we trudged along the beach. White tapes marked the de-mined areas and we were careful not to walk beyond them. The beach was studded with a mass of debris and grounded ships. Beneath the sand were buried bodies of the brave American soldiers who had made the supreme sacrifice. Their bodies had been washed ashore and a few corpses lay partially buried in the blood stained sand.



As night fell we proceeded towards our objective atop the hill two miles inland. The officers' insignia were smeared with mud to prevent the snipers from recognizing them — prize bait for the Fatherland.

When we finally reached the 51st Field Hospital it was midnight and pitch dark. At about that time all Hell broke loose. The Luftwaffe was out to bomb the ships in the harbor and an American Air strip on a neighboring field. Planes roared over head as 90mm ack ack guns nearby filled the air with their gulping bursts in rapid succession. The ground shook with the tremendous violence. Ships off shore opened fire and the skies were lit up with tracer bullets. Yes, we were scared, and with the first burst from the 90mm guns we fell flat on the ground not knowing then that we were hearing our own guns. At the time we were in a tent full of patients waiting to be assigned to our posts. The wounded patients lying in their cots raised their heads and stared at us with mouths open — embarrassing, not to say the least, but we were still rookies.

For the next two days we worked almost constantly with an occasional hour of sleep on the ground. After we started working we were no longer concerned with the unfamiliar sounds and we welcomed the opportunity to occupy ourselves with the task that confronted us, contented in doing our parts and distracting our minds from the thoughts of death. On the morning of June 14, we joined our own unit in La Cambe and continued working. This was just the beginning and little did we realize then what fate had in store for us.

The remainder and majority of the group stayed aboard the "Francis Drake" until June 13th, D+7. They disembarked over the side on rope ladders, and landed on France from a LSC. By truck, they were taken to the first operating area near La Cambe, France.



COMBAT...



“Combat Operations”

On the afternoon of 13 June 1944 — D + 7 — the 24th Evacuation Hospital landed from an LCT on Omaha Beach in Normandy. They will never forget the complete feeling of loneliness, nor the thrill of realization that they were finally in France, nor the awe of treading on that ominous stretch of sand, for which 7,000 men died six days earlier.



Easy Red

They passed up the tape lined path, past the ruins of a deserted pill-box and on to the top of a hill where elements of the 51st Field Hospital were working in tents. (For two nights and a day our officers assisted at that hospital. The experience was invaluable in enabling them to approach our own hospital problems with confidence and efficiency.)

We moved past the 51st into an orchard where most of us spent the night. The nurses stayed with the field hospital until the next

afternoon. The colonel and some officers proceeded a few more miles into the interior where the advanced party had commenced to set up our hospital near La Cambe, France. Here, on the 14 June 1944 — D + 8 — the officers returned to our unit and at 1500 we began our first operation in combat. We admitted patients for ten days, receiving 1146 patients during this period. For the first two days we had no help, but were soon assisted by auxiliary per-



Omaha Beach





sonnel as well as the officers and nurses of the 45th Evacuation Hospital, who were waiting to set up their own unit.

This area was severe because of the critical nature of the wounds. Despite the fact that this was our first operation in the field, the operation was relatively efficient and we felt that we had worthily carried our share of the 1st Army's burden.

Space and time prevent a detailed description of all events. But perhaps a few highlights will jostle your memory and stimulate a "do you remember" session. Do you remember . . . the terrific storm which hit the beachhead and left us sitting in the rain and dark wondering if the beachhead would ever be consolidated . . .



The Customary Greeting

the weird chimes of the AFN broadcast, which were heard for the first time over our P. A. system . . . the fighters which buzzed our tents daily . . . the nightly raids by Jerry at 2300 . . . the nightly ack ack and tracers that made numerous premature 4th of July celebrations . . . the success with which our own ack ack seemed to shoot down allied planes . . . our lack of fresh rations and the abundance of spam, marmelade and concrete crackers . . . the rarity of those delicious cherry preserves from the

10 in 1 rations . . . the abundance of cider and our first experience!!! with calvados . . . the first shower bath . . . the supplementary rations supplied by the French . . . the thrill of learning of the fall of Cherbourg . . . our function as a hotel for the 45th Evac Hospital, the 2nd Evac Hospital, the 4th Convalescent Hospital and the 10th Medical Laboratory Group . . . how latrine space was at a premium and the mess hall looked like Macy's basement on bargain day . . . the song fests in the Red Cross tent . . . and what swell fighters were those man of the 29th, 101st, 30th and 2nd divisions and the 2nd Armored Division.

On the 8th of July, we moved to a large field at L'Epinay-Tesson, on the road to St. Lo. We received our first move in the rain, a situation which became almost SOP. Receiving closed on the 2nd of August and during this time we experienced steady, nerve grinding work. We handled 2,749 total admissions, 333 on the 30th of July and had an overall mortality of 2.5%. The days and nights were filled with the steady thunder of artillery and Jerry bombers continued to make nightly calls.

This area stands in our memory because of the heavy roll we played in caring for the large number of casualties occurring in the period preceding, during and after the breakthrough which led to the winning of the battle of



France. We had settled down to the grind of the job. We were functioning smoothly and the job had lost its flavor of adventure. We were settling into our position as a part of the efficient mechanism of a grim, fast moving, hard hitting army.

Do you remember? ... the movement of the 35th and 28th divisions and other units up the St Lo road... the concussion of the 90's at night which literally bounced the cots... the shrapnel which crashed into the mess hall causing many nurses and officers to hunt wildly for the missing helmet... the visit of General Montgomery, General Kirk, General Hawley — and — Bebe Daniels — hmm!... the transfer of Captain Davis and Captain Enklewitz to the 1st Division... the members of the 5th, 2nd and 56th Hospitals who assisted us at intervals while their units were being set up...



Monty at the Second Area



L'Epinay-Tesson (Second Area)

the grim tragedy of Jerry bombing the reinforcement depot resulting in many men we had returned to duty being killed and many more returning to us for readmission. The bomber which crashed nearby with the personnel parachuting safely... and finally that memorable July day when we launched our 1000 bomber raid on St Lo... the awe inspiring and sobering sight of the sky filled with planes... the terrific concussion of the bombs... the awful helplessness of man against

the machines of war... the thrilling thought that this might be the beginning of the end - but how little we knew... and the 24 hour period of steady heartaching work of caring for our own men who were casualties from our own bombing mistake.

On the 6th of August, we moved to a field near Percy. This move took us through the pile of masonry which was formerly St. Lo. The ruins of this city were so impressive that they became a persistent medium of comparison for damage done to all other cities until Germany. Then we found the destruction in German cities so intense and so prevalent that we could no longer compare -- merely be impressed.



The Ghost of St. Lo

and 455 patients on 7 August with 24 deaths and a mortality of 1.97 $\frac{0}{10}$.

But who can forget . . . the pup tents 'neath the old apple trees . . . the flies and bees which made our ward personnel miserable and necessitated the use of mosquito bars . . . or the mess, with one eating with one hand and protecting one's anatomy with the other hand . . . or General Eisenhower's thrilling order of the day to pound the enemy into total defeat . . . the merited promotions of Majors Vesper, Edwards, Coll and Captain DiStefano . . . the abundant Calvados and its effect in killing off much of the grass in this area . . . the first Scotch ration . . . the ever present waves of dust . . . and the omnipresent latrinograms that the war would end in 10 to 30 days !!

Then on August 22, we took our longest conyoy trip to a rest area in a wheat field near Senonches. This trip was probably our most thrilling. We moved through the heavy French forests, across the rolling green fields and quaint thatched roof houses, and through villages and small cities. We saw the result of the destruction of war in the destroyed villages, the burned out tanks, the destroyed trucks, and the debris of war scattered in the fields. And finally we understood the gratitude of the French people. The villages were lined with people. The liberation of Paris was imminent and the French were delirious with joy. Our convoys moved slowly through the villages, between lines of people crying, laughing, waving and showering us with gifts of tomatoes, fresh eggs, and even an occasional drink of wine or cider. Flags waved and mademoiselles waved gaily from balconys and upstairs windows. We felt won-



Senonches

derful. One unconsciously tipped one's helmet a little more jauntily, sat up a little bit straighter and tried to act as if he, personally, were the little guy responsible for the liberation!

But who can forget . . . how our convoy was split up and arrived at Senonches in three elements - the last group consisting of over one-half of the nurses and arriving after midnight . . . how this element was up playing hide and seek with the Germans and the French armored division whose tank sirens in the night gave all the personnel a good case of nervous exhaustion . . . and how the late elements arrived at our new area in a steady, driving rain . . . Or who can forget . . . those days of loafing at Senonches . . . the days filled with a steady wind, frequent rains, and infrequent sunshine . . . the return to 10-1 rations supplemented by tomatoes, carrots, cucumbers, and eggs from the stores in Senonches and the neighboring French farms . . . the softball games with the 5th Evac Hospital . . . the evenings at the 51st Field Hospital . . . the shopping trip to Chartres in a 2½ ton . . . the crowded ration trucks which carried personnel to Paris for the first look at the liberated capitol . . . the ecstasy of personnel over the city in general and the Paris mademoiselles specifically . . . the expeditions to the Hotel De Foret in Senonches where meals were excellent - if one could get in - and wine was plentiful . . . the party at the Chateau - our first party in the field for officers - when we brought out our greens for the first time since we left England - and how everyone enjoyed the punch so very much!! . . . and the promotions of Majors Chimera, Endres, Marshall and Colpoys; Lt Van Gundy and many of our nurses including Captain Crawford.

But then back to work on September 8th and we moved toward La Capelle, France. We spent a cold miserable night then - but not everybody! It was amazing on that trip how many trucks carrying personnel reached La Capelle by way of Paris! Personnel slept in trucks, in ditches and a smaller percentage in tents that night.

But the next day we headed for Dinant, Belgium. This was a beautiful drive along the Meuse River and gave us our first glimpse of the orderliness and cleanliness of the Belgian villages. Our reception in Belgium was very enthusiastic, but by now we were no longer fascinated by the novelty of liberation.

We arrived at Anhee, Belgium, near Dinant on 9 September 1944. Our function was essentially to prepare patients from various field hospitals and clearing stations for evacuation by air. We handled 1810 admissions with 462 on 14 of September and 363 on the 15th of September. We had 17 deaths with an overall mortality of 0.94%.

But do you remember . . . how the fog settled down at night and remained until noon the next day . . . the large number of German



Dinant

wounded, making "wie geht's" the key word on the wards... the cold nights without stoves . . . the Germans who ran out of the hills across our area at night and were shot at by the Belgian resistance . . . the subsequent bullet holes in the nurses' tents . . . the officers who decided to sleep under their cots, instead of on them . . . the guards who did duty flat on their faces . . . the Belgian beer! . . . the beer parlor where one could get Belgian francs at a neat profit for the Belgian proprietor . . . the civilians wandering through our area . . . the German rations which were very tasty . . . and finally the order to pack, the order to load the trucks, the order to unload the trucks, the order to load the trucks, the order to stand by and finally - the order to move! 'Tis the army, soldier!!!

We left Dinant September 17th for an unknown destination. We travelled in small ambulance serials and were to meet outside of Louvain, Belgium, where we were to be directed to our new location. We were on detached service from the American first Army to the British Second Army and our mission was to support the 101st and 82nd Airborne troops in their invasion of Holland. We were the only American Evacuation Hospital on the mission and we knew our work was going to be rugged.



Something Like Holland (Sept. 44)

Our trip was begun in daylight and finished after dark. The last two hours were spent in heavy fog and rain, sliding over mud at the Albert canal and travelling wedged in between British tanks and trucks in total blackout. When we arrived at our area a few tents had been

pitched in the rain in a marshy field of heather. Everything was wet and the personnel spent a wet, cold, seemingly endless night. The next day everyone worked to set up the hospital. By night we were awaiting casualties, but word reached us that the Germans had closed the road. However, Tuesday night, 19 September, casualties began to pour into the hospital and in 24 hours we had received 512 patients. We had no auxiliary teams, we were short of personnel and casualties continued to flow into our hospital for 2 weeks. We built our own supply depot at the hospital from material flown in by C-47's. Day and night tanks and men rolled down the road to reinforce our troops in Holland. It was hard, tough work and all personnel worked long hours and received very little rest. Tragedy struck us in the shape of a German fighter plane which strafed our hospital and seriously wounded Lt. Agatha Raus Kurth, who was on duty in the operating room. However, by the end of 2 weeks, we were receiving few casualties and realized that our job here was essentially finished. But true to the strange things that happen in war - now that the hard work was finished - another evacuation hospital arrived to help



us and auxiliary surgical personnel were "rushed in" by plane to assist! The evacuation hospital left without setting up and the auxiliary personnel left us a short time later.



Uden Mud

barrage initiating the British drive into the lowlands. And work here was steady, but light. We operated 20 days until 27 October and handled 823 total admissions with 5 deaths and an overall mortality of 0.6%.

By this time our airborne troops had consolidated the southern wedge of eastern Holland leading from Brussels across the Maas river into Nijmegen. The British airborne venture into Arnheim had been a costly defeat and the overall mission of rolling back the German right flank for a dash into the Ruhr had been successfully stopped by the Germans. The 101st and 82nd Airborne were in a holding operation east of Nijmegen.

Consequently on the 28th of October 1944, we left "Mudhaven" for a modern hospital setting on a hill in the eastern outskirts of Nijmegen. Our living conditions and hospital facilities were ideal in the modern glass and steel hospital. However, we were very close to Jerry. In fact with a minimum of error, he might have wandered into our mess hall! For 34 days we were subjected to constant artillery fire aimed at artillery positions around us and the Nijmegen bridge behind us. German planes were also active. Consequently our area was chewed up by artillery shells and shrapnel from anti-aircraft fire. Needless to say, the steady detonations and shrapnel played havoc with our modern glass

During our 20 days in operation at Bourg-Leopold we had 3,432 admissions, 37 deaths and an overall mortality of 1.07% - a wonderful record.

On 8 October, we moved into Holland, down Hell's Highway to a muddy field near Uden, Holland. There was some question as to whether this was a field or a river bottom. Rain was steady and heavy and mud and water made transportation very difficult. There was a steady roar of artillery supplemented by the



24th Engineers (Uden)

hospital. Then on a Sunday before Thanksgiving a German shell struck a hospital ward and seriously wounded Captain Guy Meyer and Lt Katherine Foster. Several other members of our unit as well as patients were slightly wounded. Fortunately, no one was killed. Lt Ann Jenkins and Captain Joel Woodburn received certificates of merit for their cool and efficient work during this emergency.

In November, we were notified of our transfer to the new 9th Army. Consequently we were now on detached duty to the British 2nd Army from the American 9th Army.

On the 1 December 1944, the 101st and 82nd airborne troops were withdrawn and replaced by British and Canadian troops and our unit was sent to St. Trond, Belgium, to join the 9th Army and to rest.

A few days before we moved our nurses were evacuated from the area, as well as all patients because of the hazardous gunfire. Shortly after our unit left several shells further damaged the buildings we had occupied.

During our 34 days at Nijmegen, we handled 1085 admissions, with 12 deaths for a mortality of 1.10%.

One can only highlight the events and memories of our three months with the airborne. The cold wet night we arrived at Bourg - Leopold . . . the manner in which British trucks flash blinding lights in the blackout, suddenly extinguish them, and leave approaching "tourists" to sit blindly swearing and praying . . . the heather and black dust . . . the rush of casualties and the hard, long work hours . . . the visits of General Taylor and General Gavin . . . the

parachute souvenirs . . . the truck rides to Brussels for "rations" and the oxygen tanks . . . the morning Captain Lewis and Sgt Leonard were burned . . . the morning the German plane strafed the hospital . . . the large, roomy, top heavy British ambulances . . . the British soldier drinking tea and travelling towards Brussels on the weekends . . . the modern homes and cities in Holland . . . the ride down Hell's Highway . . . the mud and rain at Uden . . . the proxi-



Nijmegen (Our Hospital)



Nijmegen

mity of the kitchen soakage pit to the Red Cross tent . . . the time Miss Priest and Jet fell into the soakage pit in the blackout . . . the excellent British show given by armored soldiers in the Red Cross tent . . . the electrical appliances and lack of food in Eindhoven . . . the fresh eggs and wooden shoes . . . the diarrhea, with half the unit on tea and toast . . . the departure of our quartermaster unit . . . the fine living quarters at Nijmegen . . . the excellent food . . . the swimming pool . . . the ward in which the roof rolled back at the press of a button . . . the Halloween party . . . the ice cream . . . the airborne bands . . . Pfc Gwynne's show . . . our gay - and I do mean gay - Canadian visitors . . . the tulip bulbs we all sent home . . . the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner . . . the officer - nurse party . . . the officer - nurse recreation room complete with sand table . . . the beginning of "cheri cheri cheri Beri Bola" and the infamous "Butcher Boy" . . . the arrival of Lt Donafrio . . . the shell hitting the ward . . . the departure of Lt Raus, Lt Foster, Captain Meyers, Captain Hogan, Col Huey, Sgt Evans . . . the nurses living in the Canadian Hospital . . . the Canadian rum - - and bully beef . . . General Taylor as a patient from battle wounds . . . and what swell fellows are those men and officers of the 101st and 82nd Airborne.

I have written at length of our part in the airborne campaign in Holland. I did this with a purpose. It was the highlight of our campaign overseas. For 2½ months we worked under trying conditions of weather, terrain, gunfire and the number and serious nature of the casualties. Every member worked long hard hours and the work went efficiently in spite of our shortness in number of personnel. We lost, by evacuation, 3 officers seriously wounded. Col Huey went home on compassionate leave because of the critical illness of his wife. Captain Hogan left us because of illness, but not until the end of the campaign and he had managed to continue work in spite of repeated prostrating attacks of pain. Sgt Evans had to leave us because of serious illness. Several members of our unit received wounds due to enemy shellfire. In addition, weather and lack of rest produced much illness during the campaign. In spite of all these handicaps and lack of help, in the 74 days we were with the airborne operation we handled the casualties of over 2 divisions and attached units in the invasion. Our total admissions during this period were 5,340, our deaths totalled 54, and our mortality was subsequently 1.0%.

For this campaign there were no battle stars and no medals. However, at the close of the campaign we received warm letters of commendation from Brigadier Phillips of the 21st Army Group and General Taylor of the 101st Airborne. These letters speak for themselves. But most of all, we had the pride and satisfaction of a tough job well-done and the friendship and respect of the Airborne Divisions.

HEADQUARTERS 101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION
Office of the Division Commander

APO 472, U. S. Army
26 November 1944

Colonel Carl M. Rylander, MC
24th Evacuation Hospital, U. S. Army

Dear Colonel.

Upon the occasion of our departure from this area I wish to express the gratitude of the entire 101st Airborne Division for the magnificent support given us by the 24th Evacuation Hospital. During the Holland operation nearly a third of the combat strength of the Division passed through your hospital where they received medical care of the highest technical quality. The Division is mindful, also, of the fact that during the Nijmegen phase of the operation you and your personnel were exposed to hostile gun fire to the same degree as the combat elements of the Division.

It is the hope of all ranks that the 24th Evacuation Hospital will support the Division on all future Airborne operations.

Please present my regards to all members of your staff, particularly to Lt. Col. Graham for whose attention I am personally grateful.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Maxwell D. Taylor
/t/ MAXWELL D. TAYLOR,
Major General, USA
Commanding

"The Battle of St Trond"

I have been asked to write my impressions of the Great Battle of St Trond. As most of you know, my impressions of that engagement are rather vague and hazy but I will attempt to do my best.

The 24th Evacuation Hospital took part in two campaigns that will go down in our history at least as the two greatest battles that we fought during our entire eleven months of combat. I refer to that ill-fated Holland Invasion and that Great Battle of St Trond that followed shortly thereafter. For both of these we should have been awarded a battle star. However, the War Department saw fit to do otherwise.

We had been on the Holland Invasion for 2½ months. For five weeks of that time we sat directly under the guns of the German Artillery at the bridge of Nijmegen. Between bombing, occasional strafing, shelling and those "Screaming-Mimis" some of us were becoming very jittery. And so, accordingly, the powers that be decided that we had had it, and moved us into a rest period back at St Trond, Belgium. It was our first official rest period since the previous August back in Senonches, France. The dear old 24th had come a long way since then.

Our convoy hauled into St Trond on December 2nd, little knowing what was in store for us for the next two weeks.

The enlisted men were quartered in what was formerly an industrial or vocational school. Their set up was fairly nice. The nurses' quarters were in another school building. I don't think they will ever forget those outdoor latrines nor Emmy Ware's griping. The higher echelons, or "brass", were assigned billets in what was called the Count's Chateau. The overflow, consisting of 7 officers, under the able and brilliant leadership of the Great Bill Colpoys, moved into what was laughingly referred to as the "farm house". Here they had cold running water and hot running milk. They lived in close and intimate contact with the farmyard animals. They became known as "Colpoy and his No-accounts" in deference to the boys who lived with the Count. They also from time to time were known as the "Colpoy Commandos" or "Colpoy and His Six Cupids". Later they moved over to St Joseph's Clinique and became the envy of the entire outfit. The entire set-up lacked a long way of being St Martin's Clinique, but you can't have cake and ice cream all the time.

We soon found out that we had moved from "Artillery Shell Lane" into "Buzz Bomb Alley." How they threw those things thru there.

The enlisted men at last found a Paradise on earth with beaucoup pretty girls, beer and cognac. Needless to say they upheld their part of the tradition of the 24th and proceeded to go to town. It may be added that the officers and nurses did all right for themselves.

The town contained several points of interest including the museum which had a clock that took six years to build. This was the original Rube Goldberg to end all Rube Goldbergs. In the stores was to be found perfume, silk scarves and various other kinds of souvenirs, most of which were promptly gobbled up.

The Officers' Club of the 404th Fighter Group very certainly added to the festivities of the occasion. Over the bar, Scotch and Champagne flowed like water. It was here that Captain Di Stefano and Lt Jenkins made their bid for world championship fame as jitterbug artists. If you don't believe me just ask John Vieta, that well-known field soldier of the 24th. It was here that little Kathy Macon showed her first inclination to associate with the stars of the stellar constellations and Gen. Nugent turned an attentive ear, much to the shock and surprise of the bystanders. It was here that certain elements of our unit so exerted themselves that the call back to combat came as an almost welcome relief. However, this outstanding battle can never be forgotten by our forward eschalon.

DIRECTOR OF MEDICAL SERVICES
REAR HEADQUARTERS
21 ARMY GROUP
B. L. A.

26 November 1944

Dear Rylander,

I am sorry I missed you at Nijmegen yesterday afternoon, but as I was up there I felt I must call in on the chance of seeing you. Since I have been with 21st Army Group the opportunities for visiting you have been nil, but nevertheless I have been following your movements closely from behind.

You and your unit have done a marvellous job of work, and I am particularly impressed by the way in which you uncomplainingly accepted sites which I know were far from ideal. The work done by your unit under such conditions is most creditable and you have earned the gratitude not only of your own countrymen but that of your British cousins and Allies.

It has been a pleasure to work with you, and I am only sorry that you now have to leave us and go back to your own army.

You carry away with you most pleasant recollections from all of us in 21st Army Group, and I have only one hope and that is, that you may come back to us again when opportunity arises.

Please convey to your staff of all ranks and both sexes the appreciation of myself and all those serving under and with me; at the same time, will you accept my best wishes for your future, and rest assured that "24 Evac" is a name that will not be speedily forgotten.

Yours,

s/ Edward Phillips

t/ (E. PHILLIPS)

(Letter from Jamor General Phillips, British Army)



By the time we left Nijmegen, the lowlands were flooded and Nijmegen was almost an island.

We arrived in St. Trond, 1 December and were billeted in an industrial school, a chateau, a parochial school, a farmhouse, and a hospital. We were here for a rest, and although the weather and living conditions were not ideal, everyone enjoyed the novelty of a Belgian town with its shops and cafes, the social life and the Xmas shopping. One remembers . . . the sound of our first buzz bombs . . . the first snow of winter . . . Belgian cafes . . . the expensive cognac and champagne . . . the pleasant roomy living quarters of the nurses and their private? latrine . . . the arrival of Captain B. Brown and Captain Anderson . . . the movies . . . the famous clock . . . Major Colpoy's farm house! . . . and the Xmas packages from home.



The Count (St. Trond)

On December 19, we left St. Trond for Bardenberg, Germany. We were going back to work and moved into Germany as the first Evac Hospital of the 9th Army to set up there (Germany). Our move took us through the dragon teeth of the Siegfried line and the terrible destruction in Aachen. We moved into a modern, but battered, hospital in Bardenburg and prepared to support the 9th Army drive across the Roer. However, the German counter-offensive in the Ardennes stopped all offensive preparations in our sector and we were rushed to Brand, Germany, south of Aachen to support the flank of the defense. We moved into a German military barrack in Brand and began operations on Xmas Eve, 24 December 1944.



Siegfried Dragon Teeth (near Brand)

Xmas day was a grim foreboding day. Our work was not heavy, but steady and the tactical situation kept us in a state of tension for several days. By New Year's it was evident that the German offensive had been stopped. The weather was improving and our casualties were less serious from the Ardennes and Hurtgen Forest. We celebrated New Year's in the high hope that perhaps the next one would be at home. On January 22, we

A Nurse's Impression of Christmas

This is the day after Christmas in the European Theater of Operations, the locality being somewhere in Germany where an American evacuation hospital is tending the wounded men of the battles in this sector.

What was Christmas like this year in Germany?

There are numerous impressions of the day and its activities-- all personal impressions, of course.

The unit, after many difficult and uncertain days of moving, and the duties attendant to the operation of a well organized group, was physically tired. Some of the men were unshaven and grimy from the duties of several days.

Christmas Eve, from an observer's eyes, was not like any that one had experienced before. It was not an experience of gay hilarity and exuberance. There was a quiet calmness in the makeshift chapel, the altar seemingly to send forth the attitude of calmness. Each flicker of the candles, and the light they produced, sent forth a promise of a greater light, a greater hope and the promise of peace.

The men filed into the chapel. Almost miraculously their faces were shining, and clean, with the dirt and fatigue now washed away. Many of the group of officers, nurses and men were on duty but managed to attend the short service held by the unit chaplain.

The night was clear, cold and crisp, with the perfection of the moonlight bringing the buildings out in base relief, so much so that one gathered the impression of old St. Nick himself settling down his sleigh over the chimneys with all his tinkling bells.

That was just a reflection of former years, but a sweet reminder that it was Christmas - - that there would always be Christmas.

The singing of the Carols was quiet. The unit was singing the songs they had always sung at Christmas. The very fact that they had the desire to sing, to go into the chapel with all its stillness, was a representation of greater faith in the Christmas spirit and its meaning to all good peoples.

The Chaplain's talk was very much like that of other services. His illustrations of Christmas were like many another Christmas service, but this was different in a way that only one who witnessed the service could feel the magnitude of love in his heart, the love of the Christmas spirit, a greater faith being born.

Christmas day, true to the weather conditions of the Eve, was beautiful. The work continued uninterrupted throughout the hospital, although many attended the Communion service

in the chapel. There were many cordial exchangings of greetings to friends and patients during the day.

The menu for dinner was one of the best. Turkey with all the trimmings. The tables were decorated gaily with shiny ornaments and holly. In the background the traditional evergreen tree was blinking away as the crystal daylight caught the many shiny surfaces of the multi-colored handmade ornaments.

A quiet Christmas in a combat area? Yes.

In a setting such as described, the joy of Christmas was not lessened. It seemed almost a holy pledge in a renewal of faith and love found only in the hearts of good peoples throughout the universe.



Christmas Snow (Brand)

celebrated (?) our first year overseas with a pleasant buffet party. It was definitely a goal to put behind us.

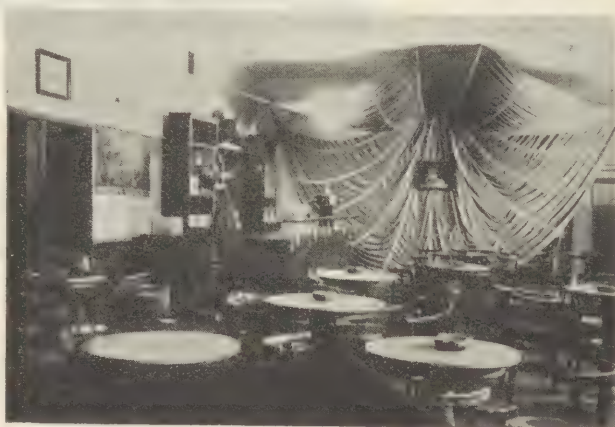
Our stay at Brand lasted 44 days, during which time our living quarters were relatively comfortable in spite of the severe cold and snow and the social life was pleasant. During the 44 day period we admitted 1803 patients with 29 deaths and a mortality rate of 1.6%. On the 8th of February 1945, we returned to Bardenberg.



Brand

rolls to the 4th floor - the carrying down - then back up - then back down, after the Army finally made up its mind!... the fact that despite the unbreakable character of G. I. equipment, that the dropping of officers' bedrolls always produced catastrophic results! Hmmm! Cough medicine, no doubt!... the armor moving towards the Ardennes... the snow and ice at Brand... the dirt which had to be cleaned away... the tent hall-way with the red stove and the ever present cold draft... the trips to Maastricht... the Xmas Eve party with the beautiful balloons!... the wonderful Xmas dinner... the Xmas church services where one listened to the prayers with one ear and listened for our bombers blasting Jerry with the other - - Peace on Earth!... the young old men brought in from the snow as casualties... the strafing outside the hospital... the injury and evacuation of Captain Woodburn... the departure of Miss Logue... the arrival of Lt Froyd and Captain Martin... the Jack Knife bar with the cake and beer... the excellent movies and special service shows... the New Year's party. Captain Cooper and Captain Morrison as the old and new year - - heaven forbid!... the year overseas celebration party... the trips to a very cold Paris... the visit by General Hawley... the almost imprisonment of Lt Piccirilli... and the directives from

But during that Bardenberg-Brand period of the counter offensive do you remember... the German paratroops at Bardenberg... the days of cleaning at Bardenberg only to move and have another outfit tear up the place and then our cleaning it up again... the carrying of bed



Brand



9th Army, the visits by 9th Army and the trips to lectures and movies because of 9th Army!

We opened at Bardenberg on the 10th of February to support the 9th Army drive across the Roer. We were again with the excellent 19th Corps and supporting the swell 29th Division. Until 23 of February we had few patients. However, on the morning of the 23rd all hell broke loose. In a terrific bombardment of the Germans



Bardenberg

the drive across the Roer was successfully launched. Our work was tough and nerve wracking for ten days. However, with the culmination of the successful Roer crossing our army was praised for the further drive to and across the Rhine. Our casualties were very serious at the Roer crossing. We handled 1976 cases with 37 deaths and a mortality of 1.87 %.

But there were many memorable events ... the comfortable living quarters ... the movies and jeep shows ... soldier with the shrapnel in his heart successfully operated by Captain Morrison ... The Dutch guards ... the arrival of Captain Schuman and Captain Bell ... the transfer of Conroy ... Lt Pescatore's appendectomy ... General Montgomery's dramatic order of the day for the "final round" and the "knockout blow" ... Miss Jose, the correspondent, and the Signal Corps pictures of the nurses ... the terrific barrage initiating the drive across the Roer ... the night special certificates of merit and bronze stars were awarded and how we hated to leave the comfortable buildings for tents!

On the 14th of March, we moved to a small field near Straelen, Germany, where we set up in tents for a rest period awaiting the main drive across the Rhine River. The two week rest here was pleasant because of the continuous



Bardenberg (from the Tower)

beautiful spring weather and the opportunity to loosen up a few muscles with softball and football. There came a few trips to Eindhoven and Munchen-Gladbach, trips to Goebbel's castle and movies in our area. Daily we watched the bombers shuttle back and forth in their bombing forays across the Rhine. Meanwhile we sipped our beer and cake in our dust laden halls of recreation and waited for our next move. Finally on 29 March,

we saw the transports carrying the paratroopers pass overhead and we knew the big drive was on.

On 30 March 1945, we crossed the Rhine at Wesel and moved to a field near Peddenburg. We were the first Evac Hospital in 9th Army to cross the Rhine. We shall never forget the dull gray day... the Rhine Bridge... the swift current of the river... the vast smoke screen which hung over the Rhine in the days previous to the crossing like the curtain of an incomparable drama about to rise... the charred ruins of crashed planes... the occasional forsythia growing in the middle of destruction and death... the lazy sluggish barrage balloons... the pontoon bridge... the complete destruction of Wesel... or the dead Germans in the field where we set up in the rain.

For ten days we worked at high speed. Casualties were serious and numerous and conditions were terrible. The rain was steady, turning the area to a morass of mud and water. Many tents leaked and the floors became ankle deep in mud. Tension was great and personnel drove themselves at top speed for days. Easter Sunday was a cold, wet, windy day. Barely appreciated by the rushed personnel. Patients were a motley array of deployed people, German civilians, German prisoners and American soldiers. During our ten days of work we handled 1206 patients with 29 deaths and a 2.4% mortality.

However, our army was smashing ahead rapidly and on 11 April, we moved in the wake of the 2nd Armored to Esperde near Hamelin, Germany on the eastern bank of the Weser river. The end seemed not very far away.

At the close of the Peddenburg area, Major Colpoys left us for the 75th Division and at Esperde Major Donato joined us.

Esperde was a beautiful set-up. The surrounding countryside was picturesque and the weather was becoming more like spring. We were also far enough from the rapidly advancing front to be relatively far from the sounds of war. Our casualties here were few and light. However, we had a tremendous inflow



Straelen



Peddenburg (Rhine)



of released Allied prisoners from German camps. These men were weak, emaciated and sick showing effects of obvious German neglect and maltreatment.

But who can forget the confiscation of souvenir rifles and shotguns by our personnel . . . the steady target firing which made the area sound like a second St. Lo . . . or the box after box of rifles shipped home by personnel . . . or the sad news of President Roosevelt's death and the death of Ernie Pyle . . . and the daily rumors of the end of the war.

We remained at Esperde 17 days until 28 April 1945. We handled 812 admissions with 10 deaths and 1.23% mortality.

On the 30 of April, we were to move across the Elbe river south of Hamburg. However, Hamburg surrendered and hostilities ceased in this area. Consequently, we set up in a field near Stetterdorf for a rest. On 8 May, official word of V-E day arrived setting off a very anticipated celebration by our personnel.



C, M. and S. (Three Sketches)



Esperde (from Hill)







WAITING...

and

V-E DAY AFTER

V. E. Day and After.

V. E. Day had finally come and strangely enough it was not at all as anticipated. Especially not as thought of as we stood before St. Lo. Then we would have shouted to the utmost of our lungs and jumped to the height of our knees and cried to the end of our tears (for joy) and thanked to the extenuation of our ability. But on V. E. day we did not know exactly what to do. Not because we were not tremendously happy; nor because we were ungrateful; but because here in Stederdorf, Germany, in the field far from home and amidst thousands of trudging homeless, we were too many things - - many of which were unanswerable questions.



Stederdorf

However, on that day we had a very well attended service of gratitude to God. It was held in our double ward movie tent at 1330. At that time our gratitude was far beyond expression. However, we breathed our praise to the Almighty in pensive worship. As we sang, we thought, "God, Thou art our Father indeed; again, thou hast saved and spared us, unworthy though we may be." After the service all went to their respective tents where they planned for the party to come in the evening. Suffice it to say that it was quite an affair which every one enjoyed according to his or her own taste in degree and fashion, integrating a menu extending from flares to coke, sandwiches, wine and leaning on each other in song.



Stederdorf Rifleman

Singing was plentiful those days and the middle officers' tent put on quite an extenuating opera nightly. Soft ball was put into swing and games were held afternoons and evenings, followed by the nightly movie. Looting, however, was still the favorite pastime and intrigued almost every one.

Hammers and saws were busy from morning till night making the very containers for the souvenirs.

In this area some nurses, officers and men were fortunate enough to secure a flight in Marshall Montgomery's private plane. What a grand flight in splendid ship it was. It flew us from Luneburg to Hamburg and the sea and return including an extra jaunt over our camp. On these days we crossed the Elbe river at Blacklede and saw the confusion confounded of encamped thousands upon thousands of displaced persons and surrendered German soldiers. In these camps one saw anything and more. Horses, wagons, straw, rags, autos, trucks, all kinds of people, corpses, mud, smells, filth and noise, crowded in bitter desperation on the same spot told of the utter route and defeat of the enemy. Many of these people would never reach their homes and others would walk for months and years to do so.

On May 20, we moved to Bremen to operate a hospital for our old friends, the 29th Division. Although it involved the cleaning of another building, Bremen was our best area and set-up. The city was a shambles, but our living quarters were comparatively comfortable and other noteworthy things, a grand Red Cross club, E.M.'s and officers' club, were available. There was an athletic field and much soft ball competition. Laundry facilities existed and clean and pressed clothes felt mighty good. Incidentally, we lost but one soft ball game in the Bremen-Bremerhaven area. However, non-fra-ternization was very trying to the men as the lovely frauleins paraded up and down the destroyed avenues to both spite and entice them. It was here that we noted again and again that these people were among the busiest and thrifty the world over and also people with more to them than most on this side of the Atlantic.

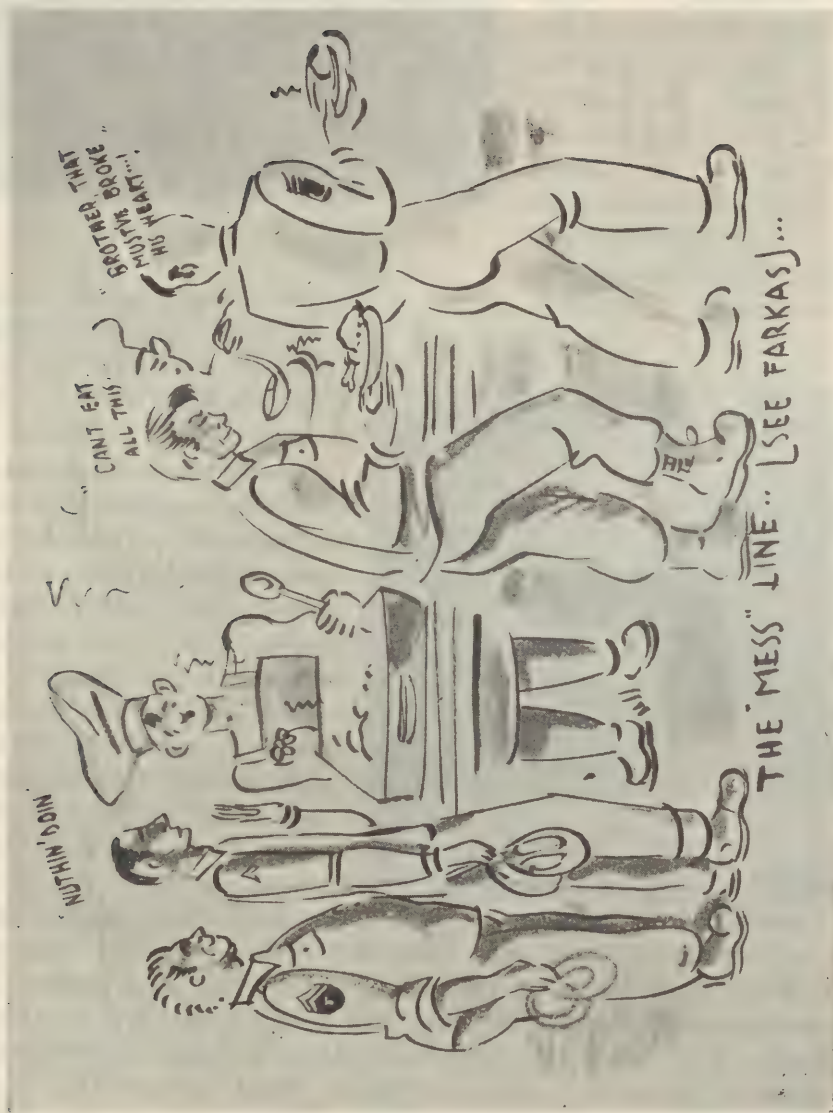


Farewell to 85 Pointers (Erda)

During our stay in Bremen we handled 935 admissions with 9 deaths and a mortality of 0.96%. Just as we became comfortable and adjusted we had to leave and seek out our old friend the field and tent. On June 28, we moved about 265 miles to the south into a field in the backwoods mountain top of Germany where it was plenty cool and rained daily. This Tibetan place was Erda. At Erda we were more or less lost from the rest of the world. Here again we whiled away our time as best we could waiting for news of some sort. On July 5, nurses, E. M.'s and officers with more than 85 points were transferred to the 97th Evac Hosp. Many pictures were taken at this time especially of those departing from us. A nice three camp fire party with music was held the night previous to the farewells and on the morning itself



"V-E" DAY...!
GRATEFULNESS...



those remaining stood in review as a token of fond well-wishing to those going from amongst us. This day meant the loss of many close friends and the breaking up of associations formed during 11 months of combat duty. Naturally we had a feeling that the unit was no longer the same. On July 18, we moved to Ober-Morlen into an orchard hill. This setting was quite an improvement since it brought us within 5 miles of Bad Nauheim which had a number of recreational facilities; tennis, golf, swimming and the theatre. We had been classified as a category 2 unit and were to be used as strategic reserve for the CBI via the States.



85 Pointers (Erda)



Non-Coms at Erda

Our days here were not unpleasant because of our proximity to Frankfurt and Bad Nauheim and because we enjoyed the sunshine and many fierce and stirring volley and soft ball games. The officers played the former daily almost without fail. Here we were wondering whether the CBI would eventually be our lot when the wonderful news of the peace negotiations of Japan found us and made us not the least bit sad or sorry. Thus again we had a very valid reason to give thanks and celebrate. And we did both. All this happened on or about August 14. It really was quite difficult for us to realize that this cruel and extensive thing was over. But it was and this long waited for occasion dawned upon us in an apple orchard too far from home. Much too far. Now we would go home for good, but when would we go? Our date of leaving became more uncertain and contradictory. Good old rumors, how well you have kept us company. Just as we were about to leave this victory orchard the 1257 engineers put floors into many of the tents. It was quite an improvement which was also enjoyed by the field mice who now had ample place for hiding under the boards. These mice were not a bit bashful in destroying many little things for us. All night long they played on our tent roofs, as though the victory was theirs.

Even though the war was over we were called into somewhat of the nature of operation in an old and quite large XPW bulding which had been a school



Three more Sketches (Ober-Morlen)

the idea, the material is very nearly ready for the printer. So here we are really sweating now. However, we do it gladly so that one can never forget the 24th Engineers, the Spearheading Pillrollers, and the Tireless Bologney Slingers. You would not wish to forget them, for they were very close to you especially to your last three years.

Thanks are given, in behalf of the organization, to those who are mostly to be blamed for this book. The pictures were garnered by Hoffman, Pence and Capt. Teehan; the sketches were drawn by Aposporos; the information and articles were gathered and written by Riege, Vidmar, Wojtas; Capts. Di Stephano, Van Dyke, Dickinson, Lewis, Cooper, Morrison; Lts. Corbett and Brandt; Nurses Pound and Bradshaw; Maj. Vesper and Chaplain Backenstose.

So here we are today at Rotenburg watching our flock of 50 patients and trusting to see home sometime this year. The points have again been lowered and this presents to us the prospect of tearing our unit much farther asunder in the very near future. We are happy to note that our past head of surgery, Lt. Col. Graham, has since been named Pres. Truman's private physician. Remember the Mess Section and its very evident ministerial prospects? All they needed was a little correction in not their style, but perhaps occasionally, their choice of words. But especially since they are still feeding us, we must say that our mess was very good. Just one look at the gang as it was collected for a snap one day last November will verify the rare quality. Farkas says that he is a good fisherman, but ---. However under the Chaplain's tutelage

in the town of Rotenburg, near Kassel, in the territory of the 3rd Division. On August 27, we moved to this location and found things confused and in a state of building renovation. We relieved the 44th and absorbed their patients which numbered about 45. It was here that the need for a unit history gripped us and we set to work immediately at full speed. All the officers and men called upon are cooperating beautifully. Today, ten days after the inception of



24th Engineers

he might become quite a preacher. His style has improved a bit, but not sufficiently. What time? Just about time for chow once again. So we agree that Napoleon was right when he said, "An army travels on its stomach". We did and we hope to get home on it.

This booklet as mentioned in the foreward is a tribute to all the E. M. of the 24th, for they all did their parts, whether large or small, in the finest and most commendable way and we wish to reiterate that fact; and even though they are not panned specifically as the Mess section was, the same affinity and regard pertains to all.

The Red Cross girls were with us everywhere and in all circumstances and their dispensations were counted upon with precise regularity by our many patients. Look, there's the colonel standing by his trailer asking for doughnuts and coffee at this moment. That's one thing that Miss Priest and Miss Logue always appreciated, our asking for coffee and doughnuts. Did they not? "Well Colonel, it's a question." "Either they have the doughnuts and will not give



Rylander's Roost



Mess Section (Nijmegen)

them to us, or they have no doughnuts." However, Miss Via promises to do her part in prospecting for better chow. During our Rotenburg operations we became a baby institution as the result of the thrusting of a hospital train of Russian DP patients upon us. A cute little Russian baby boy was born to us on Sunday morning, Sep. 9, and quite a few wish to claim him to secure the extra 12 points. Gwynne and Vidmar, two of our old gang, were transferr-

After languishing for a period of about four weeks caring for American and Russian patients, we again lost a considerable amount of our personnel. The departure of this B group was preceded by the arrival of sixteen nurses and a similar amount of men. On Thursday, September 27 at 0930, 22 nurses, 3 officers and 24 men entrained here at Rotenburg on the Fulda, as part of the 44th Evac group, on the initial leg of their homeward journey. Three officers left on the advance party the day before. Therefore, tonight we are sad in our happiness and happy in our sadness. We, seventeen old officers, seventeen nurses (new save McGinnis), and about 175 EMs of which at least 50 are fillers are wondering how long before the C group will depart and whether it will include all of us.

The C group, we have just been informed, will depart Oct. 3. Approximately 130 men will be transferred to the 133th Evac and the men of the latter will supplant them here. Three more of our officers will be transferred to the 91st. Bon voyage! Now the rest of us will have to endure until the D group departs whenever that will be.

On October 3, we were informed by Army that we had been awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque.

Thus briefly ends the saga of the 24th Evacuation Hospital. It was a good hospital and functioned in a manner which upheld all the glorious traditions of the medical service of the U. S. Army in war. Our record in cold statistics is one in which every member of the unit can deservedly be proud. In combat we handled 18,278 admissions with 301 deaths and a mortality of 1.64%. Since many deaths were



More Farewells

among civilians and German soldiers our mortality for the American soldier is even less. In other words better than 98 out of every 100 admissions coming to us were evacuated toward eventual recovery. Our total admissions until Rotenburg were 19,213 with 310 deaths and an overall mortality of 1.61%.

But as significant as is this record, our unit was more than just a hospital. It was a unit of individuals who subordinated personal interests to work hard for the success of the unit. Each man's and woman's job was important, regardless of how small the contribution. Moreover, we never lost sight of the important fact that a casualty was not just another number, but a different individual with a distinct personality. As a result, each man received the personal attention and interest of the enlisted men, nurses, and officers. Letter after letter has arrived from former patients thanking us for the care and and personalized attention received in our hospital. No army is greater than

TABLE OF STATISTICS PER AREA

AREA	DATE	TOTAL ADMISSIONS	DEATHS	MORTALITY RATE
La Cambe, France	14 June — 7 July, 1944 (24 Days)	1146	29	2.531 %
L'Epinay-Tesson, France	8 July — 5 Aug, 1944 (29 Days)	2749	70	2.546 %
Percy, France	6 Aug — 21 Aug, 1944 (16 Days)	1216	24	1.973 %
Dinant, Belgium	9 Sept — 16 Sep, 1944 (8 Days)	1810	17	0.94 %
Bourg-Leopold, Belgium	19 Sept — 8 Oct, 1944 (20 Days)	3432	37	1.07 %
Uden, Holland	8 Oct — 27 Oct, 1944 (20 Days)	823	5	0.60 %
Nijmegen, Holland	28 Oct — 1 Dec, 1944 (34 Days)	1085	12	1.10 %
Brand, Germany	24 Dec — 7 Feb, 1945 (44 Days)	1803	29	1.60 %
Bardenberg, Germany	10 Feb — 13 March, 1945 (31 Days)	1976	37	1.87 %
Peddenburg, Germany	30 Mar — 10 April, 1945 (11 Days)	1206	29	2.40 %
Esperde, Germany	11 Apr — 28 April, 1945 (17 Days)	812	10	1.23 %
Bremen, Germany	20 May — 27 June, 1945 (38 Days)	935	9	0.90 %
Rotenburg, Germany	27 Aug —	* 100	* 1	1 %
* (Data of Sept 7)				

OVERALL: Total Admissions: 19,313
 Total Deaths: 311
 Overall Mortality: 1.61 %

In addition to this, several thousand patients were "deviated", for instance, brought to the hospital, their wounds checked and redressed if necessary, and their condition found such that they could be evacuated back immediately and these were not admitted to the hospital.

The days of highest reception were:

512	20 September, 1944	Bourg-Leopold, Belgium
462	14 September, 1944	Anhee, Belgium
435	7 August, 1944	Percy, France

The days of highest evacuation were:

592	16 September, 1944	Anhee, Belgium
388	28 September, 1944	Bourg-Leopold, Belgium
344	22 September, 1944	Bourg-Leopold, Belgium
10437	US Army wounded were admitted.	

the least of its members and we never neglected our responsibility to the individual—regardless of rank, color, nationality or nature of wound. Perhaps our hospital demonstrated a working democracy in its highest form.

In some manner our experiences have left an impression on each individual in the unit — an impression which will be carried the rest of his life — a humility perhaps; a greater tolerance perhaps; a profound horror of the results of war, perhaps; but very definitely, we will carry away a real pride in our work. Many memories, and no apologies for our contribution to this war.



Ward Picture

Surgery

Information

“Ward Pictures”

Receiving tent, surgery and shock ward have been erected and now the men are preparing the double ward tents numbering two to twelve. Some of the tents will be extended to the rear to care for overflow patients as needed. Thirty cots have been set up in each tent and ward boxes placed in the center to serve as medicine chests and the nurses' desk. Patients are coming into the wards already walking, limping and carried by litter, as the ward tents approach completion.

Darkness settles rapidly over the three neatly erected rows of tents and the generators in the background can be heard purring as the lights within each tent cut the gloom. Check the blackout curtains and cover exposed lights because Jerry is pulsating his way overhead and the anti-aircraft fire is bursting not far away.



Esperde



Ward at L'Epinau-Tesson

Let's walk around and visit the wards but be careful of tent ropes and stakes and follow the white tapes because it is easy to trip and fall in the dark. Blood and plasma bottles are hanging by each litter in the shock ward and dirty bloody clothing is being cut off the wounded as they are prepared for surgery, by the quiet, efficient working personnel. In contrast to the atmosphere of shock ward, ward four is buzzing like a beehive as the minor

wounded patients compare combat experiences as they await their turn for surgery. That patient over there wounded in the arm sounds like a braggard as he keeps the men entertained all around him, while the patient alongside of him, apparently about age nineteen, with leg in a Thomas splint, lies quietly staring at the tent pole, thinking of home and thankful his wound is of minor nature. Postoperative tents are filling rapidly as the litters come steadily from surgery, and the quiet is broken only by a low moan here and there as the patients restlessly arouse from anesthesia attired in fresh white plaster casts or large gauze bandages awaiting evacuation. Medical wards are filling to the rhythm of coughs, gargles and a laugh here and there which sounds a bit hysterical. That man huddled up under all those blankets isn't hiding but having a severe Malarial chill to remind him of his Sicilian combat days. Over there is a patient dyed yellow which could be from Atabrine, but he is jaundiced, a victim of infectious hepatitis with no desire to eat at all. Here is a man who looks perfectly well, but he vomits every bit of food, a victim of his own nerves. Why is that patient's neck so swollen over there? He has severe tonsillitis and lucky we have sulfadiazine and penicillin these days because he will be able to eat and swallow in a day or so. There is a figure huddled up under his blankets and trembling, but the sedative will soon take effect and rest is what he needs to recover from his combat exhaustion. Some have diarrhea, some pneumonia, a case of meningitis and again another



Daily Soiled Linen (Percy)



Supply of Mud

complaining of backache, all patients of the medical ward. Shall we ever forget the gargles, piles of soiled linen, pills, force fluids, nose drops, enemas or the sore knees as we struck the cot corners in going from patient to patient? Will you ward men ever forget the bedpans and urinals? No, never!

Rain is pouring on the tent roofs now as usual and that means plenty of mud again, which we will never forget. We were indeed thankful for the planks

and bricks to prevent us from sinking knee deep in the mud. Here and there we can see a few patches in the tents reminding us of flak that fell at night and then the time our personnel was wounded from a strafing mission. Three to six weeks in each area and now we have a building. Real beds - no mud - but the wind didn't break all those windows at Nijmegen and injure our personnel. Most of our buildings were dirty, but they sparkled and gleamed when we moved out into tents and the mud again in some more cow pastures. Fourteen areas of tents and buildings so far as we cared for medical and surgical cases in the Armies of the ETO, and nearly five thousand patients have been medical patients alone. These ward pictures are printed indelibly in our album of memories. The picture is coming to an end and we will never forget the wards as the stage and the patients and personnel as the actors in the drama of our hospital.



“Lest We Forget”

(A few notes in regard to the Operating Room)

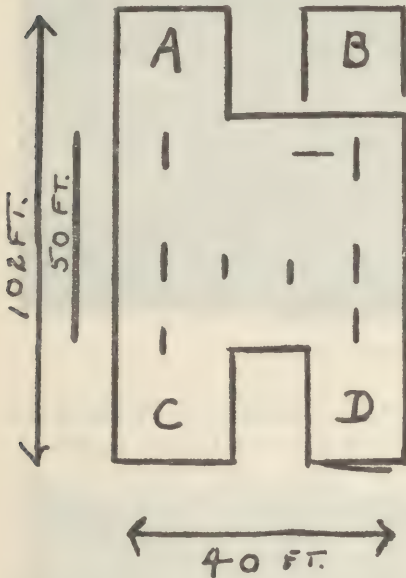
What the anvil is to the blacksmith, what the oven is to the baker, what the “Big Ring” is to the circus, the Operating Room was just that to the 24th Evacuation Hospital. It was the center of activity, all roads for the litter bearers ultimately led to the O. R. A center of hard work and a beehive of activity.

In no way do I mean to detract from the fine work of the other departments without which the “Big Ring” would be a circus without the “acts”. Medical consultations often made possible wise surgery and brought patients through the postoperative phase. The ever necessary X-rays were a great help as evidenced by the rule in O. R. that a patient would not be brought there unless the X-rays were ready. The laboratory and its blood counts and plasma protein determinations were a great guide in the difficult cases, without considering the final check on our surgery by the work in “Ward 30” for the Aesculapius conferences. Good surgery is useless without the vigilant nurses and considerate care of the ward men and the sustaining qualities of food that our mess section always had well prepared for the patients. Blood and plasma, dressings, anesthetics, drugs were never lacking due to the efficiency of the supply section and the pharmacy section.

So it was team work and the play was staged in the “Big Ring” and the result was an erasure of the effects of the German arms and the one for which we strived continually -- the reduction of the telegrams that the War Department had to send which would transform, like an alchemist’s dream, “a blue service star into one of gold.

We have thus stated “our mission”, and now a little more about what we used to accomplish, what we consider an admirable result. The entire hospital was set up in the field at La Cambe, La Folie and Percy, in France; at Dinant and Leopoldsborg in Belgium, and Veghel, Holland and at Peddenburg and Esperde, east of the Rhine, in Germany. A “field set-up” means all departments of hospital in large tents. The operating room then consists of a large ward tent, 50×16 feet, in which three operating tables were arranged. There were two such operating rooms adjacent to each other. Such was the arrangement during a continually very busy period through the Normandy campaign of France. While in our first rest phase at Senonches, France, a more efficient arrangement of one large surgical center was instituted. This was accomplish-

ed by sewing together the side flaps of the two former tents and thus providing one large one, now measuring 50×40 feet; with attached service departments it formed a large letter "H".



Nine operating tables were now available, one for neurosurgery, one for maxillofacial, three for general surgery, one for orthopedic surgery with adjacent Hawley table for the Spica plaster work and two for minor surgery and burns. This provided enough tables for our own operating teams and for one or two auxiliary surgical teams, if available. This involved the following personnel working in "surgery": two shifts of personnel working 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM, and 8:00 PM to 8:00 AM. Each shift had eight to ten surgeons, five anesthetists, ten technicians, five to seven nurses. In the adjacent preparation room attached to surgery tent (see "C" in diagram), eight wounded men on litters were being made ready for their surgery. Thus a constant flow of patients was possible, so as to give care to the greatest number of wounded.

One man constantly controlled the "traffic" of patients to and from "surgery". Three technicians, preparing areas for surgery and "cutting casts" after application in O. R., were kept busy. Attached to the amphitheatre was a central supply room (see "A" in diagram) which provided all the sterile materials, instruments, etc., employing one nurse and three technicians on each shift.

Attached as another arm of the "letter 'H' set-up" was the dressing room, scrubbing for surgery and record room (see "D" in diagram). Completing the fourth arm of the "H" was the separate operating tent (see "B" in diagram). This was used for cases who were admitted with "gas gangrene" infections. This satisfactorily isolated these germs and the associated unpleasant odor.

The maximum number of patients treated in a 24 hour period under this arrangement was 175 patients. Another time 168 patients received surgical care in like period. The average number of patients treated under continual admission conditions, with the same type of care a patient would receive in a modern urban hospital, was usu-



Bourg-Leopold

ally about 120 cases; and these were usually multiple wounds. In all, 9,015 wounded soldiers were operated on in our hospital. When thus set up, we were visited by Surgeon General Norman T. Kirk; ETO Surgeon, Major General Hawley; and Chief of Medicine in ETO, Brigadier General Kenner. Field Marshall Montgomery, of the British Eighth Army, also visited us and all were pleased with our efficiency.



Bourg-Leopold

The peak of our efficiency appeared at Bourg-Leopold when attached to the 2nd British Army during the airborne invasion of Holland in the region of Eindhoven, Nijmegen and Arnhem. In 14 days of heavy fighting, we operated on 1024 paratroopers of the American Army, plus some British and Polish airborne. This averaged 73 cases a day of serious surgery and only on the last two days did we have help of auxiliary surgical teams. The personnel of the 24th Evac worked 18 hour shifts through this period. It was here that the large single "Letter H" type operating room was just as we planned and wanted it to be - complete and effective. It was just what "the doctor ordered" for this great influx of wounded paratroopers, and it was a huge success for our huge operating tent. We were all "sold" on this plan.

During the winter months, surgery in the fields of snow was impractical. We thus occupied civilian hospitals from October 27th to March 12th. These were St. Joseph Orthopedic Hospital at Nijmegen, Holland; Aachen (Brand) Barracks; Bardenberg Miners' Hospital and Rotenburg High School, all in Germany. These civilian hospitals and the barracks in one instance, and the high school in the other, were transformed into military hospitals for urgent surgery of the wounded. Although these were always warmer, dry and more pleasant places to work, they always lacked the efficiency and short litter hauls of our field set-up. The compact arrangement of "Receiving" tent, X-ray and shock wards on one side and the post-operative and evacuation wards on the other side, formed as it were, a large ring in the center of which was set the jewel, our "big tent". It had waxed large and efficient in the "courtship" of the lull of the rest period. We became "engaged" to it in the rush of the evacuation of combat wounded. With its usage we have become firmly united, "until deployed do we part".

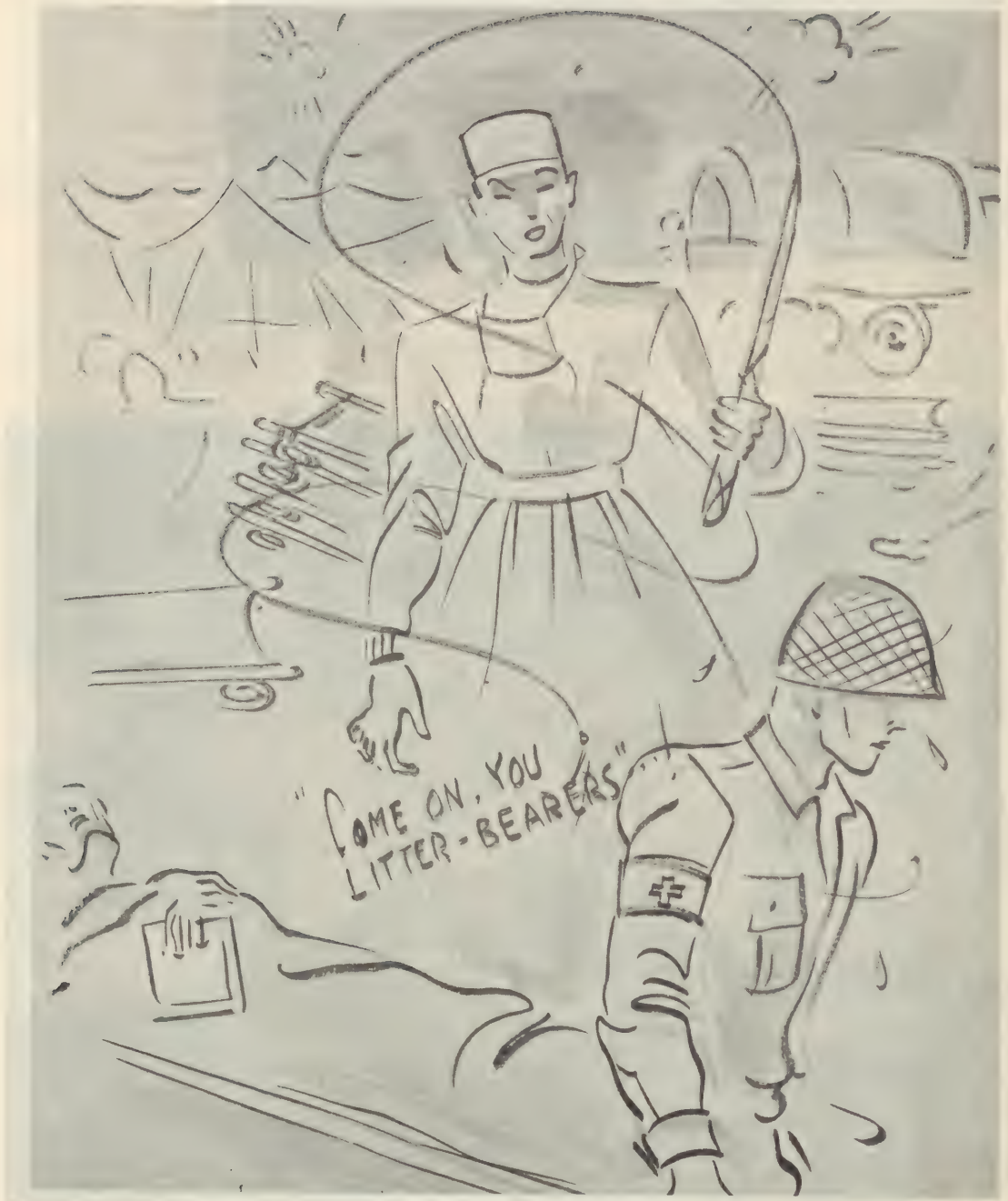
*) Correction — should be — Chief Surgeon of SHAEF, Major General Kenner.



Surgery (Bourg-Leopold)



Operating Room at Bardenberg



Locations where the 24th Evac functioned from June 14, 1944 to June 30, 1945 *

Location	Date	Operations performed	Patients X-rayed **
LaCambe, France	June 14 — 27 '44	429	519
LaFolie, France	Jul 8 — Aug 3 '44	2,007	2,014
Percy, France	August 6 —20 '44	802	894
Dinant, Belgium	Sept 9 — 16 '44	496	352
Bourg Leopold, Belgium	Sept 19 — Oct 6 '44	1,229	1,587
Veghel, Holland	Oct 9 — 26 '44	164	295
Nijmegen, Holland	Oct 28 — Nov 27 '44	331	570
Brand, Germany	Dec 24 — Feb 6 '45	989	2,028
Bardenberg, Germany	Feb 10 — Mar 8 '45	1,049	1,772
Peddenburg, Germany	Mar 30 — Apr 8 '45	751	1,032
Esperde, Germany	Apr 11 — 23 '45	409	674
Bremen, Germany	May 21 — June 27 '45	359	1,224
Total Patients		9,015	13,161

* Rotenburg, Germany not included.

** Estimated that 39,000 X-ray films used during this period.



Bardenberg

SUBJECT: Chronological Report of the Laboratory of the period from 13 June '44
to 1 June '45, inclusive.

Tests Performed:

Complete Blood Counts	1788
WBC and Differential Only	3260
RBC and Hemoglobin Only	851
Urinalyses	6166
Malaria Smears (Thick and Thin)	573
Throat Cultures	193
Feces	560
Kahns	1641
Sedimentation Rate	373
Fecal Cultures	158
Plasma Protein	149
Hematocrit	315
Heterophile Agglutination	39
Clotting Time	61
Bleeding Time	61
Icterus Index	132
Darkfields	152
Blood Sugars	118
Blood Cultures	25
N. P. N.	15
Spinal Fluids	82
Direct Bacteriological Smears	1499
Autopsies	101

SOME FACTS FROM OUR DRUGGIST (June 13, 1944 to 1 Sept 1945):

Alcohol, Ethyl consumption: 2,732,048cc — 100,000 ounces.
 Codeine sulfate tablets given by month: 15,000.
 Morphine sulfate hypodermic injections: 14,160.
 Prescriptions containing a narcotic: 3,792.
 Prescriptions without a narcotic: 12,453.

“For example — How much did we use???”

Just how many pills did the “pill rollers” of the 24th Evacuation Hospital (SM) roll during its operation on the continent up until V-E Day? How many miles of bandages and adhesive tape? How much suturing was done? How many scalpel blades for slicing up the human anatomy? The following are a few items of interest.

Let's take the tried and true “cure all”, Aspirin tablets. We used approximately 167,000 5 grain tablets at a cost of \$ 70.14. Cheap, aren't they? Then their bosom companion, the 5 grain Sodium Bicarbonate tablets must be a better one because 758,000 tablets were used at a cost of \$ 758.00. One more pill, the 7.7 grain Sulfadiazine tablet. 315,000 of these passed through the portals of the digestive system at a cost of \$ 3,581.00. These are to mention only a few of the multi-colored, many shaped pellets which were avidly gobbled by patients. .

Now the “Mickey Finns” they slipped to those innocent, litter-bound souls to put them out of their misery while the surgeon's knife probed their inner regions. To do this 2,598 1/4 lb cans of Ether were used at a cost of \$ 247.74. Pentothal Sodium was a larger item. 9,050 vials were instilled into extended arms at a cost of \$ 4,313.00. That's one way to sleep. Pleasant, eh?

How about a little antiseptic? Approximately 503 pints of Hydrogen Peroxide were used at the small price of \$ 50.30. I don't believe that one head of hair was bleached either, but why be positive. No wonder, it's cheap to be a blonde.

Your friends at home contributed approximately 2,500 pints of whole blood for the cause of humanity. That's enough blood to completely fill the circulatory system of 250 average persons.

Let's give the blood system some more help. The old standby, or rather I should say the new standby, Normal Human Blood Plasma. 2,602,750 cc of plasma were administered at the small figure of \$ 442,476.50. It saved beaucoup lives, however.

Of course, some patients have to be fed through their veins for a certain period of time and in doing this 3,235,000 cc of sterile dextrose solution (sugar and water to you) were used at a cost of \$ 1,517.50.

Let's take another medical discovery, Penicillin. 1,401,400,000 Oxford Units of this were used at a cost of \$ 84,084.00. Just think of all the aching arms as a result of that.

What did the surgical section do to their patients after they knocked them out? They used 6,796 scalpel blades to cut them open at a cost of \$ 283.00. After the knife comes the blood, so they used 685,000 4×4 gauze sponges to soak it up at a cost of \$ 1,942.00. After patching up the broken parts they had to sew the patients back together again. To do this 12,748 tubes of sutures were used at a cost of \$ 1,910.20. That's approximately 53,092 feet or a little over ten miles of material used for hemstitching on human bodies.

The orthopedic section had to make a few plaster casts or they wouldn't be happy. In fashioning these immaculate and cumbersome cages they used 3,122 dozen rolls of plaster of paris bandage at a cost of \$ 5,619.60. It is worth about 10 cents a foot and there were approximately 110 miles of the bandage used.

Speaking of miles, let's look at a couple of other items. Take gauze bandages for instance. 31,564 rolls were used at a cost of \$ 1,168.74. That is approximately 190 miles of gauze averaging 3 inches in width. The other is adhesive tape. 4,416 rolls of it were used, costing \$ 883.20. This was 3 inches wide and would reach 13 miles if laid end to end. Think of the agony in removing all that.

We can't forget the X-ray section either. They used \$ 3,649.44 worth of film which was in the neighborhood of 25,296 pictures. That would make quite a collection for a human album.

Now for the drivers who have toured the continent of Europe. Approximately 620,742 miles were driven by this organization's vehicles using about 122,150 gallons of gasoline (including that which found its way into Zippos and Ronsons). If you were to take a jeep and drive those miles around the earth at the equator, you would circle the globe about 25 times. My sad, aching back!!!

The above are a few examples of what has been consumed by this unit during its operations on the continent. Mileage adds up in bandages and on trucks, eh? Of course, the truck mileage is much easier. Just something to tell your grand-children when they ask "What did you do in World War II, Gran'pop?".



Men who did the Driving



Men who did the Eating

24th Overseas.

Left Camp Kilmer, New Brunswick, New Jersey on 21 January 1944, by rail enroute to North River Terminal to board ship NY 36. Boarded ship NY 36, the "Queen Mary", at 2345 hours.

Disembarked at Greenock, Scotland (Firth of Clyde) at 1600 hours. Left 1700 hours for Cheddar, Somerset, England. Arrived 1000 hours on 30 January 1945.

Unit alerted for departure 1 April 1944.

Left Cheddar, Somerset, 1000 hours on 8 June 1944 by rail for marshalling area, Truro, England. Arrived 1900 hours.

Left marshalling area 1800 hours on 9 June 1944 by motor convoy to Falmouth, England and embarked 2130 hours aboard ship MT 245, the "Francis Drake".

Disembarked 1215, Omaha Beach, France off Colleville Sur Mer and proceeded by motor convoy to La Cambe, France. Arrived 1600 hours.

LOCATION :

DATES, FROM AND TO INCLUSIVE AS PER M/R

La Cambe, France	13 June 1944 — 7 July 1944
L'Epinay-Tesson, France	8 July 1944 — 5 August 1944
Percy, France	6 August 1944 — 22 August 1944
Senonches, France	23 August 1944 — 6 Sept 1944 (Rest)
Anhee, Belgium (Dinant)	8 Sep 1944 — 15 Sept 1944
Bourg-Leopold, Belgium	16 Sept 1944 — 7 Oct 1944
Uden, Holland (Veghel)	8 Oct 1944 — 26 Oct 1944
Nijmegen, Holland	27 Oct 1944 — 2 Dec 1944
St. Trond, Belgium	3 Dec 1944 — 18 Dec 1944 (Rest)
Bardenberg, Germany	19 Dec 1944 — 22 Dec 1944
Brand, Germany	23 Dec 1944 — 8 Feb 1945
Bardenberg, Germany	9 Feb 1945 — 11 March 1945
Straelen, Germany	12 Mar 1945 — 28 March 1945 (Rest)
Peddenburg, Germany	29 Mar 1945 — 9 April 1945
Esperde, Germany	10 Apr 1945 — 27 April 1945
Stederdorf, Germany	28 Apr 1945 — 19 May 1945 (Rest)
Bremen, Germany	20 May 1945 — 28 June 1945
Erda, Germany (Giessen)	29 June 1945 — 16 July 1945
Ober-Morlen, Germany (Bad Nauheim)	17 July 1945 — 26 August 1945
Rotenburg, Germany	27 August 1945 —

HEADQUARTERS NINTH UNITED STATES ARMY
Office of the Commanding General

330.13 GNMSU

APO 339

2 May 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation, 24th Evacuation Hospital.

TO : Commanding Officer, 24th Evacuation Hospital.

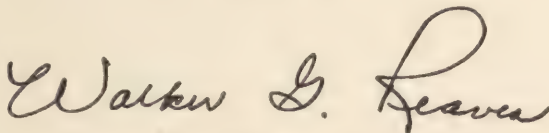
1. The number of recoveries from severe wounds and the return-to-duty rate are considerably higher in the present war than in any previous one. This is extremely gratifying to me and is due not only to improved medical and surgical methods but also to the determined efforts and skilful services of our Medical Department in spite of the many difficulties encountered under combat conditions.

2. The personnel of the 24th Evacuation Hospital have brought particular distinction to themselves by their expert treatment and care of our sick and wounded, the rapid recovery of whom is the highest tribute that can be paid to the members of this fine medical organization.

3. I wish to extend my personal appreciation to each officer, nurse, and enlisted man of the 24th Evacuation Hospital for the excellent performance of their duties and the successful accomplishment of their mission in our recent operations. Your efforts have aided very considerably toward attaining the total defeat of our enemy.

/s/ W. H. Simpson
/t/ W. H. SIMPSON
Lieutenant General
U. S. Army
Commanding

A TRUE COPY:



WALKER G. REAVES,
Captain, MAC.

PERSONNEL

Nurses



Happy Girls at Bardenburg

"Blessed are the souls that solve
The paradox of Pain
And find the path that, piercing it,
Leads through to Peace again."

Those who question the contributive power of nurses serving their units in the efforts of war, and who compel us to express our supposed accomplishments in words, give us a difficult challenge.

Our enlisted personnel found us quite a nuisance and a burden. They were forever encumbered with carting our luggage, pitching our tents, providing the material to keep our fires; plus everything else voted too heavy for women's meager strength. We bothered electricians to distraction, asking gadgets and extentions for this and that, and we never did solve the problem of the clothes rack. The cooks learned, too, that nurses have the heartiest appetites; theirs was a twenty-four hour job. And our poor mail clerks, someday will be haloed along with St. Job for their infinite patience. They stood the brunt of our wrath every time we failed to hear from our negligent correspondents at home. They all vowed more than once that the army in combat was no place for women, we were a draw-back, conceding us only one point: they said we did help boost morale somewhat.

We're assuming these remarks were made in the heat of fury or were entirely facetious; for on the whole the men were always considerate of us; and that they really deemed us of some assistance since it would be too, too disheartening after nearly two years abroad, (and we did endure some hardships; sleepless nights of fear, long fatiguing hours of work, loneliness, home-sickness, the midnight cold — never heat —) to feel we'd given nothing to our unit or those entrusted to our care.

It's natural to be reticent and least boastful in our line of duty. Much has been written to familiarize the public with our corporal works of mercy, and our efforts have been well lauded. Though our contribution must be manifold and various, aside from the performance of our menial labors, it's with difficulty we try to discern any other visible deposits in our cup of contribution.

Perhaps that's because it mostly consists of that intangible, immeasurable something, impossible to conjure in words, and perhaps best reflected in the hearts and minds of those thousands of our passing parade. Glimpsing back again into our cup of contribution we'd like to give a small measure of our contrasted hopes of what was given. That in the vast confusion and strife of war we helped our unit be an adequate refuge to those who needed and sought our care. And along with rendering to their ailing bodies, we hope for many, to have aided in dispelling the barriers of dark despair — replacing it with a renewed courage; that we exchanged for some a sweeter potion for their bitterness; and frequently without a narcotic, aided the haunted and sleepless with a calmer slumber; to some just the tender touch or word that soothed and rallied faith.

We shan't readily forget the hundreds of grim faced G.I.s on the beach from whom just the sight of us provoked a smile and warming welcome.

Our offences, we feel, have been minor and if conformity to army rule and regulation lightened somewhat the burden of administration, then give us credit. We tried at least to give the maximum in cooperation.

We are not through, there is contribution yet to make toward the attempts to accomplish a lasting peace. The worthy tribute to those we leave interred beneath the soils of all the earth, that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain.



All Set at Peddenberg



Three Cronies

Names and Addresses

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* AUSTIN, Edith A	7 Boynton Street Clinton, Massachusetts.	1st Lt	2 Jun. 45 — 5 Jul. 45	
* ALLISON, Gertude L	60 Coca Cola Place Atlanta, Georgia.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* BAKER, Audrey A	Zachary, Louisiana.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* BANKS, Emma C	Green Street Chicora, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	20 Jun. 43 —	
* BENNETT, Elsie	2007 Klinge Road N. W. Washington, D. C.	2nd Lt	20 Jun. 43 — 19 Mar. 45	
* BOWEN, Agnes I	607 W. Main Street Easley, South Carolina.	1st Lt	20 Jun. 43 —	
* BRADSHAW, Grace E	Woodland Park, Colorado.	1st Lt	3 Jan. 45 —	
* BRILL, Lillian A	621 Joppa Road Towson, Maryland.	1st Lt	18 Dec. 43 —	
* BUCK, Mary E	2256 N. Murray Ave Milwaukee, Wisconsin,	2nd Lt	11 Jan. 45 — 5 Mar. 45	
* CAKE, Margaret L	727 West Market Street Pottsville, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	19 Jun. 43 —	
* CASPER, Adelaide H	54 Houston Street Mobile, Alabama.	1st Lt	9 Oct. 43 — 9 Jun. 45	
* CHAPMAN, Mary A	Sackett, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	20 Jun. 43 —	
* COLLINS, Madge W	Jacksonville, Florida.	2nd Lt	8 Oct. 43 — 29 Mar. 44	
* COTTRELL, Eva M	299 E. Lincoln Street Media, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	20 Jun. 43 —	
* CRAWFORD, Alice G. E.	Gambrills, Maryland.	Capt	20 Jun. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* DOMMA, Pearl A	1726 Oleander Street Baton Rouge, Louisiana.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* DONOFRIO, Doris V	281 6th Ave North Troy, New York.	2nd Lt	25 Nov. 44 — 5 Jul. 45	
* FOSTER, Katherine L	Marmaduke, Arkansas.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 — 27 Nov. 44	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* FRAZEE, Naomi O	311 West Fayette Street Connellsville, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	20 Jun.43 —	
* FROJD, Mary E	57 West Sidney Ave Mount Vernon, New York.	2nd Lt	10 Jan.45 —	
* HANRAHAN, Helen C	c/o Mrs L. T. Kraushaar 149 Shelter Street Rochester, New York.	1st Lt	8 Oct.43 — 9 Jun. 45	
* HARRELL, Frances M	1103 East Point Street East Point, Georgia.	1st Lt	8 Oct.45 —	
* HENLEY, Sarah E	208 S. Main Street Asheboro, North Carolina.	1st Lt	2 Nov. 43 —	
* HOKESON, Dorothy A	1425 Washburn Street Scranton, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	18 Dec.43 —	
* HOPPER, M. Frances	902 Boulevard Juniata Altoona, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	26 Dec.43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* JENKINS, Ann L	1613 Lafayette Scranton, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	18 Dec.43 —	
JOHNSON, Sybil	Poplarville, Mississippi.	2nd Lt	18 Nov.43 — 7 Jan. 44	
* LASKY, Yetta J	904 E Street, Belmar, New Jersey.	2nd Lt	2 May.45 — 1 Jun. 45	
* LIGGETT, Lucy J		2nd Lt	18 Dec.43 — 15 Apr. 44	
* LUCKEN, Dorothy	653 East 40th Street Savannah, Georgia.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* MACON, Kathryn	1326 1/2 Fourth Ave Columbus, Georgia.	1st Lt	9 Oct. 43 —	
* MC INNIS, Jane K	5642 Corbin Ave Canoga Park, California.	2nd Lt	8 Apr. 45 —	
* MC MANUS, Margaret M	6653 Chew Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	18 Dec.43 —	
MILLER, Pauline J Bryer		2nd Lt	18 Dec.43 — 7 Jan. 44	
* MOYER, Constance S	376 S. Main Street Telford, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	19 Jun.43 —	
* MUNSON, Betty A	217 Freed Street Sugar Notch, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	19 Jun.43 —	
* NEWTON, Anne E	1009 Church Street Upland, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	19 Jun.43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* OVERSTREET, Mildred H	Fitzgerald, Georgia.	2nd Lt	8 Oct. 44 — 24 Nov. 44	
* PESCATORE, Josephine M	534 South Conestoga Street West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	1 Jun. 43 — 5. Jul. 45	
* PICCIRILLI, Henrietta Y	338 Wyandotte Street Bethlehem, Pennsylvania,	1st Lt	19 Dec.43 —	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* POUND, Cornelia B	6730 1st Ave Birmingham, Alabama.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 —	
* RAITANEN, Olga D	RFD 1, Chester Depot, Vermont.	1st Lt	10 Jun. 45 — 5 Jul. 45	
* RAUS, Agatha P	438 S. Main Street St. Clair, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	19 Jun. 43 —	
* RICHARDS, Rhoda B	Bluff City, Tennessee.	1st Lt	20 Apr. 44 — 5 Jul. 45	
* SCHMIDHAMER, Kathryn A	230 Ramsey Ave Bridgeville, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	5 Jul. 43 —	
* SELLERS, Johnnie A	807 Main Street, Baxley, Georgia.	1st Lt	9 Oct. 43 —	
* STUMP, Lillian	345 N. Walnut Street Starke, Florida.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 —	
* THURMAN, Lynn	615 Jackson Ave, Americus, Georgia.	1st Lt	9 Oct. 43 —	
* WALSH, Gladys M	33 Pearsall Ave Jersey City, New Jersey.	1st Lt	2 Jun. 45 — 5 Jul. 45	
* WARE, Emma E	Gates, North Carolina.	1st Lt	5 Jul. 43 — 24 Apr. 45	
* WRIGHT, Hildagarde M. S.	1604 Millard Street Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt		5 Jul. 45
* YORK, Lillian	198 South Grand Ave Baldwin, Long Island, N. Y.	1st Lt	8 Oct. 43 —	
* YOUNG, Ruth A	New Freedom, Pennsylvania.	1st Lt	19 Jun. 43 —	
HIGINBOTHAM, Eva L.	Washington, Pennsylvania.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 — 10 Jan. 44	
MAC LEAN		2nd Lt		10 Jan. 44
MENOR, Darlyne G		2nd Lt	3 Dec. 43 — 10 Jan. 44	
LAUER, Mary H	Oil City, Pennsylvania.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 — 10 Jan. 44	
EMMERT, Ruth M	Lehighton, Pennsylvania.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 —	
ZUPA, Kathryn E	Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 —	
SANNER, Jean S	Berlin, Pennsylvania.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 —	
LOGUE, Frances R	Chester, Pennsylvania.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 —	
GREENE, Alice G	Custer, South Dakota.	2nd Lt	23 Jun. 43 — 26 Oct. 43	
NEWTON, Muriel W	Jackson, Mississippi.	2nd Lt	31 Jul. 43 — 20 Nov. 43	

Red Cross Workers

MYERS, Virginia	Altoona, Pennsylvania
KELLEY, Louise H.	East Providence, Rhode Island
LOGUE, Emily	Box 200, Waterman, Illinois
PRIEST, Eleanor	Augusta, Maine
VIA, Catherine	Wadesboro, North Carolina

Nurses who joined us at Rotenburg

DAVIS, Alberta	West Virginia	Lt.	111	Evac.
SWEET, Jane	Oakland, California	"	"	"
PROSSER, Elizabeth	Pennsylvania	"	"	"
PIETRA, Congetta	Ohio	"	"	"
SCHEELS, Charlotte	Kansas	"	"	"
GATES, Edna	North Carolina	"	"	"
FLEMING, Margaret	Montana	"	"	"
BEELOCK, Edith	Idaho	"	"	"
BAXTER, Virginia	Georgia	"	"	"
WILKENA, Valoris	Minnesota	"	"	"
ZOLAR, Eustine	West Virginia	"	"	"
WHITBY, Mary	Maryland	"	"	"
BEABOUT, Bernadine	Illinois	"	"	"
O'BRIAN, Frances	Ohio	"	"	"
KINNEY, Margaret A.	Alabama	Capt.	115	Evac.
FITZ PATRICK, Mildred M.	Illinois	Lt.	41	"
SHIBICK, Statia T.	Massachusetts	Lt.	27	"
CLARKE, Helen K.	Montana	Lt.	"	"



Nurses



Absentees

Officers



Standing at Attention

Officers

"Officers and gentlemen!" Can you be an officer and not a gentleman? The answer is no. Not, according to Congress and the AR's; but according to other gentlemen not blessed by an act of Congress, all officers are not gentlemen. In fact, some officers would make a Bowery Bum blush with shame. "And how!"

These men are not true officers. No man who doesn't hold the respect of his subordinates should claim to be an officer. He's got rank, yes; but not the indefinable something between an officer and his men that makes him a good officer.

In the 24th during the past 21½ years we have had officers come and go, but for most of the time we had the same group and this group was undeniably one of officers and gentlemen. We won't recall the few, but remember the many. We think that there was less rank consciousness and less friction among the men and officers than in most outfits.

It was hard, too, as the men and officers were so close in their work. Surgical teams working 12—18 hours together. Ward men doing at times the same work side by side with nurses and officers. And so we officers think that if the officers lived up to their title that the men surpassed it.

It should be "soldiers and gentlemen". Not one officer in this organization has done his job any better than have the enlisted men. Our one regret is that we could not associate more with them. Some tried, but to overstep regulations is a serious thing. But we were a citizen organization and liked to pick our friends the civilian way and not the rank conscious way. I hope that the enlisted men will think of us through the years not as "Officers and Gentlemen" (by act of Congress), but gentlemen by their own acts and words.

We officers would like the men to know that we are proud to have worked with them and proud of the work they have done. Each man was a cog and equally important. True we were a hospital, but what is a hospital without supplies? Without good food? Without the comforts of tents and fires and showers? Without transportation? And come payday, without pay vouchers and the multitudinous paper work? So no one from the Colonel to the lowest "Yardbird" can claim that he was more important than the next. What kind of hospital would it be with 41 officers and no men? The officers were just a necessary evil because some one had to be boss and they were the ones chosen. We will let you decide who were the luckiest. The men or the officers?



NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* RYLANDER, Carl M	Altona, Illinois.	Colonel	28 Nov.42 —	
* ANDERSON, Richard S	Whitakers, North Carolina.	Capt	11 Dec.44 —	11 May 45
* BACKENSTOSE, J. Donald	Schaefferston, Pennsylvania.	Ch (Capt)	12 Aug.43 —	
* BECKENSTEIN, Harry A	2079 East 26 Street Brooklyn, New York.	Capt	19 Jun.43 —	5 Jul. 45
* BELL, John F	Ulysses, Pennsylvania.	Capt	1 Mar. 45 —	3 Aug. 45
* BRANDT, Walter S	Glenwood City, Wisconsin.	1st Lt	7 Feb. 43 —	
BRITT, Walter S	624 Talbot Ave Columbus, Georgia.	Capt	20 Jun. 43 —	8 May 44
* BROWN, Brooks G Jr	1507 East-West Highway Silver Springs, Maryland.	Capt	29 Nov.44 —	5 Jul.45
* BROWN, Clifford N	1661 Trenton Street Denver, Colorado.	Major	8 Jul. 42 —	25 Aug. 45
* CHIMERA, Marion J	131 East 1st Street Corning, New York.	Major	3 Jul. 43 —	5 Jul. 45
* COLL, James J	Route 1 Winsted, Connecticut.	Major	30 May 43 —	5 Jul. 45
* COLPOYS, William P Jr	Boston, Massachusetts.	Major	2 Oct. 43 —	8 Apr. 45
* CONROY, Edward G	238 Franklin Street Quakertown, Pennsylvania.	Capt	28 Dec.43 —	25 Feb. 45
* COOPER, Samuel S	6645 S. California Ave Chicago, Illinois.	Capt	10 Oct. 43 —	
* CORBETT, Redmond J	139 North Arlington Ave East Orange, New Jersey.	2nd Lt	28 Jul. 42 —	
* DAVIS, Hiram W	Williamsburg, Virginia.	Capt	28 Dec.43 —	18 Jul. 44
DEEHAN, S. James II	6615 Ridge Ave, Roxboro Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Capt		9 Jan. 44
* DICKINSON, William W	Irvona, Clearfield County Pennsylvania.	Capt	28 Dec.43 —	
* DI STEFANO, Grimaldo C	1302 Porter Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Capt	28 Dec.43 —	
* DONATO, Marion T	35 New York Ave Lakewood, New York.	Major	15 Apr.45 —	5 Jul. 45
* EDWARDS, Linus M Jr	604 Watts Street Durham, North Carolina.	Major	27. May 43 —	5 Jul. 45
* ENDERS, Warren H	Fogelsville, Pennsylvania.	Major	30 May 43 —	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* ENKLEWITZ, Morris	New York. N. Y.	Capt	25 May 44 — 18 Jul. 44	
* FRIEDMAN, Harry S	903 Sheridan North Minneapolis, Minnesota.	Capt	28 Sep. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* GRAHAM, Wallace H	622 West 59th Street Terrace. Kansas City, Missouri.	Lt. Col.	19 Jul. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* HOGAN, Daniel F	4912 Bell Kansas City, Missouri.	Capt	9 Oct. 43 — 24 Nov. 44	
* HUEY, Thomas F Jr	801 Glenwood Terrace Annistown, Alabama.	Lt. Col.	15 Jul. 43 — 10 Dec. 44	
* JACOBS, Abraham	527 Flushing Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Capt	4 Dec. 44 — 11 Dec. 44	
* KUNDAHL, Paul C	59 Bryant Street N. W. Washington, D. C.	Capt	13 Oct. 43 —	
* KURTH, Russell H	603 E. Walnut Street Bloomington, Illinois.	Capt	7. Feb. 43 —	
* LEWIS, James E Jr	215 Maple Ave, Mountain Grove.	Capt	18 Oct. 43 —	
* LITT Edward T	1902 S. 56th Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Capt	21 May 43 — 21 Apr. 44	
* LODMELL, Elmer A	Box 2427 Carmel, California.	Lt. Col.	26 Jul. 44 — 9 Oct. 44	
* MARSHALL, Edward J	429 Main Street Waltham, Massachusetts.	Major	22 Jun. 43 —	
* MARTIN, Herbert	2618 Ave "U" Brooklyn, New York.	Capt	2 Jan. 45 — 1 Aug. 45	
* MORRISON, Philip	7 Laton Nashua, New Hampshire.	Capt	30 May 43 —	
* MYERS, Guy A	1717 N. Emory Road NE, Atlanta, Georgia.	Capt	10 May 44 — 27 Nov. 44	
* NYVALL, Pierre J	55 E. Bay Street Barnegat, New Jersey.	Capt	20 Apr. 43 —	
* PATE, William A	127 N. Western Parkway Louisville, Kentucky.	1st Lt	7 Feb. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* REAVES, Walker G	315 N Street, Peter Street Gonzales, Texas.	Capt	18 Dec. 43 —	
* SACK, Anthony G	8315 Appoline Detroit, Michigan.	Capt	10 Oct. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* SCHWARTZBERG, Joseph A	2668 Grand Ave West Detroit, Michigan.	Capt	27 May 44 — 10 Jul. 44	
* SHALDA, James G	RFD 1 Maple City, Michigan.	WOJG		
* SHUMAN, Harold I	57 Fottler Road Mattapan, Massachusetts.	Capt	22 Feb. 45 — 5 Jul. 45	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* SLIWINSKI, Wallace F	2625 Orthodox Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Capt	24 Aug.44 —	
* SMALTZ, John E	36 E. Baltimore Ave Media, Pennsylvania.	Lt Col	7 May 43 —	
* TEAHAN, John W	133 Chestnut Street Holyoke, Massachusetts.	Capt	27 Dec.43 —	
* VAN DYKE, John J	1509 Whitney Boulevard Belvidere, Illinois.	Capt	24 Jan.43 —	
* VAN GUNDY, Jack E	426 W. Adams Street Springfield, Illinois.	1st Lt	7 Feb. 43 —	
* VERNON, Hollis E	90 Lake Ave Leicester, Massachusetts.	Major	14 Aug.45 —	
* VESPER, Albert J	3621 Dawson Ave Cincinnati, Ohio.	Major	18 Dec.43 —	
* VIETA, John O	525 Park Ave New York City.	Capt	8 Oct. 43 — 9 Jun. 45	
* WEKALL, Oliver C	533 S. Friends Whittier, California.	Major	14 Aug.45 —	
* WILT, Harold L	Knoll Ave, Hillcrest Park Stamford, Connecticut.	Capt	9 Oct. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	
* WOODBURN, Joel T	301½ North 9th Street Muskogee, Oklahoma.	Capt	19 Jul.44 — 28 Jan. 45	
LEITNER, Moser J		1st Lt	15 Oct. 42 —	
UNGER, Max		Capt	8 Mar. 43 — 2 Nov. 43	
MALKIN, Julius S		2nd Lt	7 Feb.43 — 2 Nov. 43	
D'AMANDA, William D		Capt	26 Mar.43 — 11 Oct. 43	
BIERNBAUM, Joseph		Capt	28 May 43 — 11 Oct. 43	



Officers



Men



Working at Straelen

“Never nice people. Always characters”

If I hadn't met Jimmy in Chicago that night and sat in that small bar rehashing the saga of the 24th, I should probably have never been able to recall the characters and the little forgotten episodes which make up this brief story. Of course, I have included in this only the more printable side of our army lives for certain things that I might recall are perhaps less embarrassing if left buried deep in our memories. The war was long in the past that night and the little happenings which at the time seemed tragic, now became humorous. We talked of many things and a casual listener catching brief excerpts of our conversation might have heard something like this:

Remember Frankie Carrino and that cynical gift of bird seed he received one day long ago back in Camp Tyson . . . “Stinky” Anderson, the agitator, and his inquisitive “Yes, Friend” “Feed Em” Farkas and those Shakespearean orations in the mess hall. The mythical steak suppers he promised and his “You want seconds? Plenty of beets left.” Ray Hoffman, the man of a thousand and one rumors and his inimitable version of the Hoke Pokey at each and every unit party . . . Hoffman's copartner in crime, Sgt Spahr and those lectures on the care of clothing and equipment he gave us every time we entered supply to get a pair of socks or perhaps a shoestring . . . Sgt Wearly and his “poosh ups” “Bucky Blue Eyes” Myers, the man with the million dollar arm who hurled our unit to many a softball victory . . . Sgt Gorski, “The Little Caesar of Cicero” and his apoplectic fits at the ball games . . . “Moose” Olko, commandant of the ward section and ranking member of the intelligentsia of the unit . . . Heunefeld of the Number 12 shoes and the look of incredulity upon his face when he once again saw sunlight after those months of night duty . . . “Rader” Reimer, considered by many including himself, the handsomest man in the outfit and the episode of “a guy named Jim” . . . Cecil Schwartz of the “aching back” and the “Zoot” combat jacket . . . Sgt Bonce, who watched faithfully over his brood in barracks number 3 back in Cheddar and who later became known as “The White Angel” through his chic swimming apparel Sgt MacNiece of the deadpan leer and the empty mail bags affectionately known as “Cpl Bithune” . . . Little Artie Holzman and his epic impersonations of Churchill, Tojo and Clem McCarthy . . . Harry “The Horse” Lindstadt and his valiant attempt to tie the knot back in Camp Kilmer only to be left waiting at the church. Or was it waiting at the camp? . . . Sigmund “The Head” Landau and the combs he wore out trying to keep the hair out of his eyes . . . Pete Vidmar, keeper of the Morning Report and his favorite slogan “Wine, women and more women” . . . Ernie Mance and the plaintive wails which issued from the Red Cross. Oh Frankie! . . . “Count Basie” Wojtas . . . Charlie Gwynne of the twinkling fingers who entertained at many a party with his “Eadie Was A Lady” and who always said “There's one in every family” . . . “88” Cauthron and his “Big news in the making” . . . Charlie Chan and his triumphant battle cry upon bagging a deer “I got im. I saw the feathers fly” . . . “Pop” Christenson who maintained his own exalted position daily on the first line of the sick book. There must have been an easier way Eddie “stitch in time” Pence. I wonder if he remembers Shady Lane . . . Harold Warren an authority on Child Care In 10 Easy Lessons and Walking The Floor Over You . . . Bob “You too can be a hero” Fisher and his premature Bronze Star Award . . . Carl Hlavka and those 110 verses of Franky and Johnnie he emoted upon festive occasions . . . “Sinatra” Bongiorno and his DP Sweater Girl . . . Curtis “Brown

Eyes" Hicks and his "Are ya rootin" . . . "Quite a Bit" Richard . . . Pellegrini who achieved some "startling developments in the dark" . . . Pete Aposporos who kept wondering what Varga had that he didn't have . . . "Tex" Bockelman and his epic Battle of St Trond . . . "Kidney" Stark and his efforts to give us "book larnin" . . . "Tangerine" Bushara and his "Oh I Dont Know" . . . Cpl Cambre who supervised the installation of the 24th's Semi Mobile Latrines . . . "Bitcher" Halamik and his losings at poker . . . "Chubby" Daugherty who always kept both eyes open for fear someone would mistake him for a needle . . . "Wild Bill" Maynard and his "kangaroo court now in session" . . . "Porky" Gall the man from Number 10 Downing Street . . . Joe Fiorelli who just wanted to go back to Apricot, New York . . . Acting Sgt Gohl of Supply Incorporated . . . Ralph Wharton who learned that a steel helmet fits much more comfortably if it isn't filled with water . . . "Leech" Riederman one of our better vampires . . . "Mover Goose" Knouff of the vehement argument . . . "Cecil" La Grande who learned that playing Ping Pong with Schwartz just doesn't pay off . . . "Pea Brain" Landfranc . . . "Old 206" Leonard and his plaintive renditions of Pagliacci which rang through the fields of Normandy . . . "Worry Wart" Leuhrs . . . Felix Maillet "the feelthy french hillbilly" who just wanted to take the road back to that little log cabin in Millinocket . . . Francis Shutz who sang "Sweet Evelina" all the way over on the Queen Mary and spent his nights dreaming of the "girl from Richmond Hill" . . . "Blacky" Mares our famous Chief Running Water of Cheddar days . . . Fish Monger McLaughlin . . . And who could forget Johnny Milone when you had to be "on the skedge" . . . Walt Szymonik the envy of the entire unit with his bevy of Polish beauties. Wonder how it feels to be in charge of a Harem? . . . Johnny Molchan, one of the Ghan boys, and the author of some of our more famous sayings such as "I'll tell you what I'm gonna do", "May I", and "How About That" . . . "Rosty Munox", the trotter . . . "Reverend" Thomas . . . "Corporal" Armstrong and the overabundance of Corporals which flowered in the receiving section . . . Or remember Steele and his old mine sweeping days . . . "Smiley" Neal the living example of "How to Lose Friends and Scare People" . . . Bill Norris and his "I'm picking up the pickled herring" or his soul stirring rendition of Omar Kayyham . . . Bill Pfeifer who will probably never pass a hat shop without remembering a small voice which at the most inconvenient moment said "Here is your hat" . . . Bob Quick who learned too late that she led with her right and who never could convince us he got in the way of a golf ball . . . Charlie Reed and the mysterious article he found in his bed back in Tyson and the battle of peanuts and cigarette butts which followed . . . Jack Reese who attained a life long ambition for a few short days as the Chaplain's assistant . . . Carl Rehor and his sudden interest in the Bovine species back in dear old Cheddar . . . "Rigor Mortis" Riege, the poet laureate of the 24th. It says here . . . Alex "I'd Rather Be Right" Rosner . . . Drill Sergeant Schepper and his nemesis Jimmy Walker . . . "Red" Schmoyer who always made sure to see what the boys in the back room would have . . . Shirkey and Zeides, The Gold Dust Twins, and the relief when one of them got a Corporal's rating and we could at last tell them apart . . . Jimmy "Pumphandle" Castleman who maintained his own little news bureau and came up with that latest dope. Like "You'll never get past the POE" or "it won't be long now" . . . Tom Mrzlek who strived to prove that "You too can be the life of the party" with an hour a day at the keyboard and who tossed those weights around like Charles Atlas . . . Merle "General" Simpson and his "Take Me Back And Try Me One More Time" . . . Sgt Lyons and his "What! Another Detail!" . . . "Trader Horn" Winters and his many boxes containing "post office supplies" . . . Remember Cliff Kaylor who preferred K Rations to Farkas' "mess" and Cliff's overwhelming love of the onions the cooks so liberally sprinkled through the chow . . . "MP" Burns who found that it is easier to go around those rock walls in England than through them . . . "Little Chum" Rogers of the Napoleonic pose when thinking "Liver Lips" McAlpin and "Aint It" Molter . . . Philip White who "Left his heart at the White Heart Latrine" . . . and all the other guys who made up our merry detachment.

And so the conversation droned on until running out of memories we left our little bar to go back to streets and crowds once more. It had been pleasant to return to the old life for a little while through the medium of memories. But only for a little while thank you!! Thinking back over the years made you realize what a really swell bunch of guys they were. Gathered from the four corners of the United States and living a life they detested, it was only their

companionship that made our Army life at all bearable. Doing their job to the best of their ability they made the 24th. The enlisted men; who pitched the hospital, who dug the soakage pits and latrines, who did the K. P. and pulled the guard, who carried the luggage for the officers and nurses from the wilds of Tennessee all across the monotonous map of Europe and bitched every time they did it. Theirs was a life of details and more details; orders and more orders; drudgery and more drudgery. From the guys who gave the I. V's on the seriously ill and shock wards, from the fine technicians in surgery, from the clerks who pounded out the never ending paper work, from Lab and pharmacy, and X-ray the reports came of a job well done. Now that they have gone back to their rightful positions in society they can look back on it all and dismiss it as their own special version of "The Dark Ages". Forgetting the degradation and remembering the comradeship of our enlisted day in the 24th Evacuation Hospital (Semimobile).

Yardbird 1st Class



First Three Graders

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
ADER, Irving M	310 Bleecker Street New York City	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 — 4 Jul. 43	
AKERS, Hunter M	Box 107 Louellen, Kentucky.	Pfc	28 Jul.42 — 31 Dec. 43	
AKLUS, John F	680 State Street Perth Amboy, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 — 28 Feb. 43	
* ALLEY, Walter R	Route 2 Cameron, West Virginia.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	
* ALMAND, William L Jr	Route 3 Box 809 Tampa, Florida.	Pfc	3 Jun. 45 —	
* ALPE, John	911 High Street Collinsville, Illinois.	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 — 19 Dec. 44	
AMBROSE, Marcelose	RFD 1 Port Byron, New York.	Pvt		9 Jan. 44
* ANDERSON, Arnold L	38 Virginia Boulevard Jamestown, New York.	Pfc	3 Jun. 45 —	
* ANDERSON, William L	419 Cecelia Ave Cliffside Park, New Jersey.	T/Sgt	28 Jul. 42 —	
* APOSPOROS, Peter G	15 Conklin Street Poughkeepsie, New York.	Pvt	3 Jun. 45 —	
ARBAUGH, Pearly E	Route 2 Pedro, Ohio.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42— 11 Oct. 43	
* ARMACOST, John W	2810 Spring Ave Cincinnati, Ohio.	Tec 5		5 Jul. 45
* ARMSTRONG, Norman H	27 Second Street Marysville, California.	Pfc	27 Feb. 43—	
ARTHUR, William C	511 2nd Ave San Francisco, Kalifornia.	Cpl	30 Sep. 43 — 21 Jan. 44	
* ATWOOD, Eugene V	RFD 3 Preston, Kentucky.	Pfc	5 Nov. 45— 27 Jun. 45	
BACKER, Nathan	653 Cleveland Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pfc		24 Feb. 43
BAKER, Carl W	136 Jackson Street Watertown, New York.	Pfc	30 Sep. 43— 9 Jan. 44	
* BAKER, Sherman H	618 Carmel Ave Pacific Grove, California.	Tec 5	30 Sep. 43— 15 Jun. 45	
* BALCH, Coleman E	Box 217 Groveton, Texas.	Pfc	5 Nov. 42— 27 Jun. 45	
* BALFOUR, Patrick H	910 Monroe Street Amarillo, Texas.	Pfc	22 May 43—	
BARAN, Michael	RFD 1 Mc Kean, Pennsylvania.	Pfc		11 Oct. 43
* BARBEE, Robert W	Route 4 Spartenburg, South Carolina.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44— 19 Dec. 44	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
BARDINI, Attilio	95 Franklin Ave Brooklin, New York.	Tec 5		28 Feb. 43
* BARNETT, Henry F	RR 10 Eloise Ave Evansville, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov.42 —	
* BARRIE, Virgil D	Stanley, North Dakota	Tec 4	30 Sep.43 —	22 May 45
BASHAM, Golden C	Mabscott, West Virginia.	Pvt	5 Nov.42 —	28 Feb. 43
BEBOUT, James I	RR 3 Salem, Kentucky.	Pvt	5 Nov.42 —	30 Sep. 43
BELLINA, Angelo	286 East 149th Street New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	28 Feb. 43
BERMAN, Morris	604 West 163rd Street New York City.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	5 Apr. 43
BETHUNE, Michael J	417 Detroit Street Flint, Michigan.	Pvt	15 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
* BETTS, Bert O	Route 2, Box 127 St. Mary's, West Virginia.	Tec 5	7 Nov.42 —	
BEVAQUA, Rosario	28 Baker Street Maplewood, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	28 Feb. 43
* BICHARD, Henry W	2109 North Ave Cambridge, Ohio.	Pfc	7 Nov.42 —	
BING, Donald W	1609 Chapin Jackson, Michigan.	Pvt		11 Oct. 43
BIVIANO, Frank	445 66th Street West New York, New Jersey.	Tec 5		11 Oct. 43
* BLAGER, Obert M	Mondovi, Wisconsin.	Pfc	7 Oct.43 —	
* BLAKLEY, Raymond J	c/o Mary Ballard East Haven Hospital Richmond, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov.42 —	
* BLANCHETTE, Archie W	Route 1 Amriet, Minnesota.	Tec 5	30 Sep.43 —	17 Jun. 45
BLANKINSHIP, Keith W	1514 Boren Ave Seattle, Washington.	Pvt	5 Nov.42 —	Jan. 43
BLESSINGER, VictorL	Route 3 Huntinburg, Indiana.	Pvt	5 Nov.42 —	13 Mar. 43
* BOCKELMAN, Harold F	2012 Ave E Galveston, Texas.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43 —	
* BONCE, Audre E	Ellwood City. Pennsylvania.	Tec 4	4 Nov.42 —	
* BOND, Robert F	Nickelsville, Virginia.	Tec 5	3 Jun.45 —	
* BONGIORNY, Alfred A	82 Lebanon Street Springfield, Massachusetts.	Pfc	7 Oct.43 —	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* BONTJES, Bontje J	Box 18 Clara City, Minnesota.	Tec 5		25 May 44
BORJESON, Karl A	Old Hook Road Harrington Pike, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	17 Apr. 43
BOSTROM, Leonard E	1728 Elliot Ave S Minneapolis, Minnesota.	Pfc		24 Nov. 42
* BOWMAN, Arla N	203 Thomas Street Minerva, Ohio.	Pfc	28 Jun.45 —	
BOWMAN, Maurice H	50 Mc Clusky Ave Messina, New York.	S/Sgt		11 Oct. 43
* BRADLEY, Gilbert G	Sunray, Texas	Tec 4	22 May 43—	
BRILLIANT, Martin	931 Fox Street Bronx, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	24 Feb. 43
* BRITTAİN, Manley G Sr	2148 Hay Terrace Easton, Pennsylvania	Tec 5	19 Jul.45 —	
* BROCK, R. J. (io)	Route 2 Trenton, Florida.	Pvt		5 Jul. 45
BROHAN, Maurice D	110 Warren Ave Hohokus, New Jersey.	Pvt		4 Mar. 43
* BROWN, Murray E	143 North Ave Owego, New York.	Tec 5	5 Dec.43—	
BRUMLEVE, Henry L Sr	701 Camp Street Louisville, Kentucky.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42 —	17 Apr. 43
* BUCKLEY, Kenneth L	516 Eighth Ave Dayton, Kentucky	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
BUMGARDNER, Howard E	1559 S. 4th Street Clinton, Indiana.	Tec 5	5 Nov. 42 —	12 Jun.43
* BURDICK, Bennie	84 Warren Street Meridian, Connecticut.	Pfc	31 Dec.43 —	
BURKE, Jack T	3576 St. Charles Place Cincinnati, Ohio.	Pvt		24 Feb. 43
* BURNS, Joseph F	c/o Mrs. E. Petti, 130 Rutledge Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	
* BUSHARA, Joseph J	303 North Bromley Ave Scranton, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43 —	
* BUTLER, Harry H	Roff, Kentucky.	Pvt		24 Jun. 44
* BYRD, Edward H	Route 3 Morgantown, North Carolina.	Pvt		23 Jan. 45
BYRNE, Gerad	401 East 138th Street Bronx, New York.	Pvt		27 Apr. 43
* BYRNES, Frederick N	33 Talcott Ave Rockville, Connecticut.	Pvt		12 Nov. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* CAMBRE, Falsen S	Box 379 Reserve, Louisiana.	Cpl	21 Jun. 43 —	
* CANNON, Albert E	Lamasco, Kentucky.	Cpl	7 Nov. 42 —	
* CARGILL, Curtis E	261 Front Street Binghamton, New York.	Tec 5	5 Dec. 43 —	
* CARNAL, Thurman M	11 South Tekoppel Evansville, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
* CARRINO, Frank J	1604 Moore Street Cincinnati, Ohio.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
* CASE, Joseph E	1424 Eastern Ave Cincinnati, Ohio.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42 — 17 Jan. 45	
CASKEY, Earl	Route 1 South Point, Ohio.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42 — 11 Oct. 43	
CASTEL, Rafael	3548 Penn Ave East Chicago, Indiana.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42 — 3 Mar. 43	
* CASTLEMAN, James B	512 Mary Street Evansville, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
* CATANZARO, Sam	1951 N. Bissell Street Chicago, Illinois.	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 — 19 Dec. 44	
CAVANAUGH, Robert L	405 S. Richardson Drive Columbus, Ohio.	Pfc	5 Nov. 42 — 12 Nov. 43	
* CAUTHRON, Robert C	Box 191 Booneville, Arkansas.	Cpl	9 Apr. 43 —	
* CHAN, Charles K	170 Delancey Street New York City.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 — 5 Jul. 45	
* CHAN, Wong W	761 N. Alabama Street Los Angeles, California.	Tec 5	30 Sep. 43 — 22 May 45	
CHIZMAN, Abraham I	69 Mangin Street New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 — 26 Oct. 42	
* CHRISTEN, Arthur G	1204 Benham Street Dayton, Kentucky.	Pfc	5 Nov. 42 — 24 Feb. 45	
* CHRISTENSEN, Chris J	14 Quincy Ave Arlington, New Jersey.	Tec 5		5 Jul. 45
CHRISTIE, Clifford A	10 Stockman Place Irvington, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 — 29 Nov. 42	
CICOLELLA, Joseph	6559 Myrtle Ave Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 — 31 Dec. 42	
CIOTTO, Frank	646 East 182nd Street Bronx, New York.	Pvt		11 Nov. 43
CIRULLI, Angelo	149 Waverly Place New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 — 4 Mar. 43	
* CLARIN, Arthur H	Beach, North Dakota.	Cpl	30 Sep. 43 — 5 Jul. 45	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
CLARK, Lorenzo G	31 Curtis Place Maplewood, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul.42	16 Feb. 43
CLARK, Norman H	116 Mountroull Ave Haddonfield, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42	11 Oct. 43
* CLAUSMAN, Charles J Jr.	901 Gregg Ave Reading, Pennsylvania.	Pvt	5 Mar. 45	—
CLAY, Gartral M	Camden on Gauley, West Virginia.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42	24 Feb. 43
* CLEWIS, Oling R	801 South Front Street Wilmington, North Carolina.	Pvt	3 Jun.45	—
CLINE, Clinton J	396 Madison Street Franklin, Indiana.	Pvt		9 Jan. 44
COHEN, Harry	244 Milton Street Camden, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42	11 Oct. 43
COMBS, Monroe G	Allock, Kentucky.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42	30 Jul. 43
CONLEE, Gregg A	Box 452 Dade City, Florida.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42	18 Dec.43
CONRAD, William F	217 Walnut Street Sunbury, Pennsylvania.	Pvt	16 Sep.44	19 Dec. 44
COOPER, Herman	127 Waverly Newark, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul.42	29 Apr. 43
COX, Charlie W	1750 Belmont Street Pasadena, California.	Pvt	19 Jan.44	14 Aug. 44
* CRABTREE, Herman L	RD 2 East Liverpool, Ohio.	Pfc	27 Jan. 45	—
CRAFT, Howard A	RR 1 Macy, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42	31 Oct. 43
CRANKER, William R	2315 Westbrook Street Toledo, Ohio.	SjSgt	16 Jun. 42	31 Jan. 43
CRAWFORD, James H	RFD 1 Lake Orion, Michigan.	Sgt	16 Jun.42	4 Mar. 43
* CROUTHAMEL, Warren W	1861 West Main Street Norristown, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	3 Jun.45	—
* CROY, Charles Jr	Route 1 Cairo, Georgia.	Pfc	30 Sep. 43	27 Jun. 45
CUCCARO, Frank J	58 Speer Ave Clifton, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul.42	29 May 43
D'AGOSTINO, Joseph	205 Cooper Street Camden, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul.42	17 Apr. 43
* DAGUE, Iwan M	Route 6 Rochester, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42	—
DAILEY, James W	129 E. John Street Martinsburg, West Virginia.	Tec 5	5 Nov.42	2 Aug. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* DAME, Wilbert W	705 5th Ave Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	28 Jun.45—	
DANIELS, Nathan B	188 Sheppard Ave N. Englewood, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 — 11 Oct. 43	
* DANCHO, Michael	44 Zoa Ave Johnson City, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	5 Dec.43 —	
DARIO, John	138 West 10th Street New York City.	Sgt	28 Jul.42 — 11 Feb. 43	
* DARLING, Robert N	RFD 4 Berkshire, New York.	Pfc	5 Dec.43 —	
* DATRI, Marion A	2263 Fruitdale Ave San Jose, California.	Cpl	7 Nov. 42 —	
* DAUGHERTY, Clifford P	Route 19 Gilboa, West Virginia.	Pfc	7 Nov.42 —	
DAVIS, Ben	266 Prince Street Newark, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 — 24 Nov. 42	
* DEC, Walter F	46 Perrine Street Auburn, New York.	Pvt		19 Dec. 44
DELLERS, Arthur W	7215 Oak Ave River Forest, Illinois.	Tec 5	3 Sep.43 — 11 Oct. 43	
DERRICK, Rex E	1125 5th Ave Dayton, Kentucky.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42 — 17 Apr. 43	
DE SERIO, James R	170 Oak Street Paterson, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 — 16 Apr. 43	
* DIERDORF, John W	RR 1 Centerpoint, Indiana.	Tec 3	7 Nov.42 —	
DIGNAN, Charles E	14 Kent Ave Pittsfield, Massachusetts.	Pvt		31 Mar. 43
* DI MEGLIO, Fabio	161 Degraw Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul.42 —	
DONDERO, Louis J	Box 234 N. Conway, New Hampshire.	Tec 5		9 Mar. 43
DOODY, Edwin J	210 North Ave Medina, New York.	Pvt		30 Jan. 43
* DUL, John J	128 Maple Ave Wallington, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul.42 —	
* DULIN, Harlan K	707 31st Street Parkersburg, West Virginia,	Pfc	7 Oct.43 —	
* DUNN, Charles J	791 Chicago Street Toledo, Ohio.	1st Sgt	Jun. 42 — 5 Jul. 43	
* DUNN, Forest E	Route 2 Greenville, Ohio.	Tec 5	7 Nov.42 —	
* CUPONT, Arnold E	Long Lake, Minnesota.	Tec 5	7 Oct. 43 —	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
EHRENBURG, Arnold	80 Clarkson Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
ELIASSON, Gunnar E	3 Midland Garden Apt. Bronxville, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	26 Jan. 43
ELLIS, Remus E	Hewett, West Virginia.	Tec 5	5 Nov. 42 —	4 Oct. 43
* ENNIS, Oscar L	Hartson, Alabama.	S/Sgt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* ESTRADA, Jose D	Shafter, Texas.	Pvt	Jun. 42 —	14 Aug. 44
* EVANS, Lawrence O	Glenwood, Iowa.	S/Sgt	—	4 Dec. 43
* EWAN, Joseph D	c/o Mr. C. Eichenlaub 137 Winkler Street Cincinnati, Ohio.	Tec 4	7 Nov. 42 —	
* FARKAS, Alexander J	3042 East 130th Street Cleveland, Ohio.	S/Sgt	15 Jun. 42 —	
FAROWICH, Walter	240 Sheffield Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	17 Apr. 43
FAZIO, Joseph A	99 Madison Ave E. Rutherford, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
FEIDEN, Bernard	1902 East 18th Street Brooklyn, New York.	T/Sgt	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 42
FEINSTEIN, Seymour	256 West 93rd Street New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	1 Nov. 42
FENDALL, Theodore R	517 Birch Street Camden, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	1 Nov. 42
FERGUSON, Paul E	18 Salter Place Maplewood, New Jersey.	Cpl	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43—
FINAN, Patrick J	321 N. 3rd Street Camden, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	1 Nov. 42
FINCK, George	216 Stanhope Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pfc	—	1 Sep. 44
* FIORELLI, Joseph	600 Irving Ave Endicott, New York.	Tec 5	8 Dec. 43 —	
* FISHER, Robert E	130 N. E. 15th Street Washington, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
* FOOSE, George C Jr	43 Paroubek Street Little Ferry, New Jersey.	Sgt	28 Jul. 42 —	
* FORINASH, William W	Webster Springs, West Virginia.	Pvt	5 Nov. 42 —	14 Aug. 44
* FOSTER, Edwin L	Route 3 Sheperd, Michigan.	Pvt	5 Dec. 43 —	14 Aug. 44
* FRETWELL, Willard F	Fayette, Idaho.	Pfc	30 Sep. 43 —	27 Jun. 45

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* FRID, Douglas J	4561 Minnehaha Ave S Minneapolis, Minnesota.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44—	19 Dec. 44
FRIEDMAN, Dave	2147 Honeywell Ave Bronx, New York.	Tec 5		11 Oct. 43
* FRITSCH Joseph E	310 W. Micken Street Cincinnati, Ohio.	Tec 5	5 Nov. 42 —	5 Jul. 45
* GALL, Albert T	131 Belmont Street Duquesne, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	20 May 44 —	
* GALLOWAY, Charles W	Proctorville, Ohio.	Sgt	19 Jul. 45 —	
GELLER, Lawrence	c/o Schafer 10 56 Ward Ave Bronx, New York.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
GENTRY, Carl	Jennings Street Newburgh, Indiana.	Pvt		4 Mar. 43
GERKEPOTT, Elmer F	Dillsboro, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	8 Feb. 43
GIAGIARI, Thomas S	433 Lewis Street Fort Lee, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
* GIBSON, Othar J	Route 1 Dixon, Kentucky.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
* GILLIAM, Robert W	118 Dahlgren Street S. E. Atlanta, Georgia.	Pvt	3 Jun. 45 —	
* GLEIT, Samuel	1594 Townsend Ave Bronx, New York.	Tec 5	23 Jul. 42 —	
* GOHL, Harold D	3135 Brookwood Street Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.	Tec 5	27 Feb. 43—	
* GOLDING, John T	105 Merriman Street Rochester, New York.	Pfc	8 Dec. 43 —	
GOLDSTEIN, Jacob I	1447 Macombs Road Bronx, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 43 —	1 Nov. 42
* GORCZYCA, Stanley J	3938 West 22nd Street Cleveland, Ohio.	Tec 4	9 Mar. 43 —	
* GORSKI, Henry	5311 West 30th Street Cicero, Illinois.	T/Sgt	15 Jun. 42 —	
GREENBERG, Jacob	591 Williams Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Cpl	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Mar. 43
GREENEBAUM, Leonard	1434 Morris Ave Bronx, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	12 Nov. 43
GREENMAN, Theodore	1022 Hopkinson Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Cpl	28 Jul. 42 —	29 May 43
* GUERRA, Guillermo M	3007 Rivera Street El Paso, Texas.	Pvt		14 Aug. 44
* GUM, Jeong	44 Nassau Street Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 4	29 Jul. 42 —	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
GURNER, Alexander W	1401 Grand Concourse Bronx, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
* GUTWEIN, Raymond D	Francesville, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	5 Jul. 45
GUY, Gene D	704 Berkley Road Indianapolis, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	4 Jul. 43
* GWYNNE, Charles S	28 Charter Oak Street Woodridge, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	
HADJIGEORGE, Harry G	102- 49 63 Road Forrest Hills, Long Island, N. Y.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Feb. 43
* HALAMIK, Vladimir B	2513 S. Ervay Dallas, Texas.	Tec 5	5 Dec. 43 —	5 Jul. 45
HALL, Cecil L	Bagdad, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	21 Jan. 44
HAMON, Romy W	Tioga, West Virginia.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	1 Apr. 43
HANDLEY, Earl W	Competition, Missouri.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
* HARLAN, Clarence O	3016 Cedarwood Ave Bellingham, Washington.	Pvt	7 Nov. 43 —	27 Jun. 45
HASKETT, Carroll M	707 E. Main Street Cambridge City, Indiana.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
* HATFIELD, Herman E	Box 207 Shoals, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
* HAWKINS, Robert R	Weston, West Virginia.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	27 Jun. 45
* HEINTZ, William H	Ronte 3 Cashton, Wisconsin.	Tec 4	15 Jun. 42 —	
HERRIN, William E	Clay, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	6 Sep. 43
* HESS, Pennington C	917 East Sassafras Street Millville, New Jersey.	Tec 3	28 Jul. 42 —	
HEWITT, Jack W	Route 4 Winder, Georgia.	Tec 5		12 Nov. 43
* HICKS, Curtis I	114 West Baxter Knoxville, Tennessee.	Tec 5	15 Jun. 42 —	
* HICKS, David M	312 Hart Ave Greenville, Ohio.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	5 Feb. 45
HILT, Donald E	5310 W. 11th Street Indianapolis, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
* HLAVKA, Carl J	4130 Dille Ave Cleveland, Ohio.	Tec 4	9 Mar. 43 —	
HOFFMAN, Kurt	157 Franklin Ave Maplewood, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	28 Feb. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* HOFFMAN, Raymond J	139 North Missouri Ave Belleville, Illinois.	T/Sgt	13 Jun.42	—
HOLMES, Raymond E	Route 2 Cameron, West Virginia.	Pvt	7 Nov.42	— 3 Jan. 44
* HOLOWNIA, Stanley A	559 Morgan Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 4	29 Jan.43	—
* HOLZMAN, Arthur	745 East 175th Street Bronx, New York.	Pfc	7 Oct.43	—
* HORRELL, Albert L	250 Fernwood Ave Davenport, Iowa.	Tec 3	29 Oct.42	—
HOVDA, Thor	Springfield Street Lisbon, Illinois.	Pvt	7 Nov.42	— 4 Mar. 43
HOWARD, James	139 West 14th Street New York City.	Pfc	28. Jul 42	— 11 Apr. 43
HOYT, John L	RD 1 Alderson, Pennsylvania.	Tec 5		— 15 Jun. 44
* HUDSON, Reed	125 Warren Street Lexington, Kentucky.	Pfc	7 Nov.42	—
* HUENEFELD, Robert H	504 Gibbs Ave Wapakoneta, Ohio.	Tec 4	3 Oct.43	—
HUFF, George E	Route 1 North Kenova, Ohio.	Pvt	7 Nov.42	— 3 Jan 44
* HUNT, Gillie T	c/o V. R. Cowles, Route 1 Bowling Green, Ky.	Tec 5	7 Nov.42	—
* IZZO, Pasquale I	70 Bruno Street Moonachie, New Jersey.	Sgt	28 Jul.42	—
* JACKSON, Earl H	Davenport Center, New York.	Tec 5	7 Jun. 45	—
* JACKSON, Harold D	1942 Muncie Boulevard, Kansas City, Kansas.	Pfc	16 Mar.45	— 5 Jul. 45
* JACOBS, Kurt A	37—15 81st Street Jackson Heights, New York.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42	—
* JACOBS, Thomas B	Petersburg, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov.42	—
* JANIEC, Frank J	44 Hathaway Street Wallington, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42	—
* JENSEN, Henry E	207—5th Street South Humboldt, Iowa.	Tec 5	22 May43	—
* JONES, Donald R	990 Wooster Road North Barberton, Ohio.	Tec 5		— 15 Jun. 45
* JONES, William E	Athalia, Ohio.	Pfc	7 Nov.42	—
JONG, Tom	815 Grant Ave San Francisco, California.	Pvt		— 17 Apr. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* JUERGENS, Adolph P	Route 3 Box 157 Ladysmith, Wisconsin.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43 —	
JUSTICE, Robert M	Providence, Kentucky.	Pfc	7 Nov.42 —	11 Oct. 43
KACZKA, Stephen J	308 Wallington Ave Wallington, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	24 Feb. 43
* KALKOWSKI, Joseph B	c/o Nataro 40 Chestnut Ave Irvington, New Jersey.	Pvt	7 Oct.43 —	
KAMMER, Henry A	147 Lincoln Ave Newark, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	29 Sep.42 —
* KAYLOR, Charles C	737 Excelsior Street Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	Pfc		28 Jun. 45
* KEITH, Arthur P	Route 2 Bowling Green, Kentucky.	Tec 5	7 Nov.42 —	
* KELLY, James P	41 DeKay Street Saten Island, New York.	Pfc	3 Jun.45 —	
* KINSELLA, John E	272 Linwood Ave Buffalo, New York.	Pfc	8 Dec.43 —	
* KLEIN, Herschel L	RR 2 Brookville, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42	
KLEIN, Solomon D	742 East 6th Street New York City	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	9 Dec. 43
KLOSE, Herwaith G	196 Grand Ave Leonias, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	17 Apr. 43
* KNOUFF, John P	Route 3 Cambridge, Ohio	Tec 5	7 Nov.42 —	
* KOSANOVICH, Alexander	427 Shingiss Street McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania.	S/Sgt	4 Nov.42 —	
KOWAL, Steve S	48 Maple Ave Wallington, New Jersey	Pfc	28 Jun.42 —	13 Mar. 43
KRAKOWSKY, Philip	308 Rivington Street New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	29 Sep. 42 —
KRAUSS, Martin B	218 East 87th Street New York City.	Pfc	28 Jul.42 —	26 Apr. 43
KREER, Daniel P	1108 Cherry Street Winnetka, Illinois.	M/Sgt	Jun. 42 —	30 Sep. 42
KRESKO, Stephen	Bordertown, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul.42 —	24 Feb. 43
* KRILEY, Leo P	Republican City, Nebraska.	Pfc	3 Jun.45 —	
KUMAGAI, Minoru M	1510 F. Denson Arkansas.	Cpl	18 Jun.43 —	22 Jul. 43
* LA GRANDE, Joseph J	306 Union Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 5	23 Jun.43 —	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
LA MARCA, Joseph	829 Quincy Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
LAMEIRAS, Mariano	289 Elm Street Cambridge, Massachusetts.	Pvt		1 Nov. 42
* LANDAU, Sigmund	c/o Keller 1117 Gerard Ave New York City.	S/Sgt	28 Jul. 42 —	
* LANDFRANC, Carl J	Corning, Ohio.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
LA TOUR, Louis B	395 State Street Hackensack, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
LEICHTER, Murray	477 Chester Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt		24 Feb. 43
* LENNON, Robert F	166- 23 14th Ave Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y.	Tec 5	7 Oct. 43 —	
* LEONARD, Douglas A	4 Roosevelt Boulevard Roseland, New Jersey.	Tec 4	21 Jun. 43 —	
LEONG, Wah	742 Commercial Street San Francisco, California.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	31 Aug. 42
LEVENFUSS, Paul	156 Second Ave New York City.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	8 Apr. 43
* LEWIS, Edgar C	RR 1 Bennington, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
LIGARI, Carmelo	426 54th Street West New York, New Jersey.	Pvt		24 Nov. 42 —
LINDLEY, Sylvester	Gadsden, Alabama.	Cpl		12 Aug. 43
* LINDSTADT, Henry Jr	1480 Gates Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt	7 Oct. 43 —	
LONG, Stanley L	Box 75 Caledonia, Michigan.	Sgt	Jun. 42 —	2 Dec. 42
* LUEHRS, Lloyd J	523- 10th Street S. E. Washington, D. C.	Pfc	5 Mar. 45 —	
* LYON, Francis H	Inwood, Iowa.	Sgt		5 Jul. 45
* MAILLET, Felix P	375 Penobscot Ave Millinocket, Maine.	Tec 5	5 Mar. 45 —	
* MAKOWSKI, James P	193 Lakeview Ave Syracuse, New York.	Pfc	8 Dec. 43 —	
MALLOY, Gerald Q	320 Pennsylvania Ave Clearfield, Pennsylvania.	Tec 5	5 Nov. 42 —	3 Jan. 44
* MANCE, Ernest W	1005 Madison Ave Cleveland, Ohio.	Tec 5	9 Mar. 43 —	
MANGOT, Michael	50 East 172nd Street Bronx, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43

* MAYNARD, James W 2926 Harvey Road
 Huntington, West Virginia

Tec 5 7 Nov.42—

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* MARBLE, Floyd C	2100 Gage Bakersfield, California.	Pfc		15 Jun. 45
MARENGO, Roy E Jr	12700 Lincoln Ave Highland Park, Michigan.	Sgt	15 Jul. 42 —	8 Jun. 43
* MARES, Manuel B	3821 East San Antonio St El Paso, Texas.	Pvt	7 Oct. 43 —	
* MARKUS, Frank W	Box 58 Lemont Furnace, Pennsylvania.	Pfc		19 Dec. 44
* MARSHKY, Carl J	510 N. Ash Street Champaign, Illinois.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
MARTIN, Charles W	Route 2 Box 294 Navy Yard Charleston, South Carolina.	Pvt		3 Jan. 44
* MARTIN, Raymond J	1332 N 17th Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin.	Sgt	7 Nov. 43 —	5 Jul. 45
* MARTIN, Robert F	Star City, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
MATTINGLY, Louis B	Washington, Indiana.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	28 Feb. 43
* MC ALPIN, Mark N Jr	1005 Madison Street Beaumont, Texas.	Tec 5		25 Jul. 45
* MC CLENNY, Milton S	401 East 9th Street Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.	Pvt		19 Dec. 44
MC DANIEL, Clifford E	1926 N. Waco Wichita, Kansas.	Pfc		22 Oct. 43
MC GANN, Paul B	Cliffside Park, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	22 Dec. 42
MC GEARY, John F	283 Chestnut Street Nutley, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	27 Mar. 43
MC KENNEY, Patrick	28 Mozart Street Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.	Tec 4	15 Jul. 42 —	1 Nov. 42
* MC LAUGHLIN, Ernest P	Butler County Woodbury, Kentucky.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
* MC MILLIAM, Harry R	3712 Winston Ave Latonia, Kentucky.	Sgt		19 Dec. 44
* MC NIECE, Donald W	Route 1 Ewing, Indiana.	Tec 4	7 Nov. 42 —	
MECCIA, Salvatore	15 Wallington Ave Wallington, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	4 Mar. 43
MELTZER, Samuel	451 E. 171 Street Bronx, New York.	Pvt		27 Mar. 43
MERRILL, Jesse E	809 East 12th Rochester, Indiana.	Pvt		12 Oct. 43
MILLER, Harold	1448 Webster Ave Bronx, New York.	Sgt	28 Jul. 42 —	28 May 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
MILLER, Robert C	655 Putnam Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Pfc		— 28 Feb. 43
* MILLER, Robert F	2510 Maine Street Bridgeport, Connecticut.	Tec 5	17 Apr. 44—	
* MILONE, John	4047 Paulding Ave Bronx, New York.	Pvt	27 Feb. 43—	
* MIMUSS, William	62—01 Boulevard East West New York, New Jersey.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	
* MINDEL, Dowain W	Box 333 Florence, Wisconsin.	Tec 5	19 Jul. 45 —	
* MINER, Walter L	Box 5 Springfield, New York.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 — 19 Dec. 44	
* MITCHELL, James L	Cranberry, West Virginia.	Pvt	16 Sep. 44— 19 Dec. 44	
MITURA, Stephen J	27 2nd Street Rochelle, Park, New Jersey.	Sgt	28 Jul. 42 — 11 Oct. 43	
* MOLCHAN, John	124 Jefferson Street New Brunswick, New Jersey.	Tec 5	7 Oct. 43—	
* MOLTER, Albert H	7 Arthur Street Clifton, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	
* MONTANES, Anastacio M	Street No. 4 Pecos, Texas.	Pfc	27 Feb. 43—	
* MOON, William A	East Street Schaghticoke, New York.	Tec 5	3 Jun. 45	
* MOORE, Paul W	Route 2 Cold Springs, Kentucky.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	
* MRZLEK, Thomas J	107 Eoff Street Benwood, West Virginia.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
MULVAIN, Virgil E	Durand, Illinois.	Pvt	15 Jul. 42 — 24 Feb. 43	
* MUNOZ, Pablo R	Route 42 Box 74 El Paso, Texas.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43	
* MUSKA, Joseph A	Box 137 Broad Brook, Connecticut.	S/Sgt	15 Jun. 42 —	
* MYERS, Alfred H	112 North Berkley Street Kalamazoo, Michigan.	Tec 3	9 Mar. 43 —	
NANTISTA, John B	7430 W 59 Street Summit, Illinois.	Pvt	15 Jul. 42 — 24 Feb. 43	
* NASSER, Nosser Dean S	1521 East 5th Street Sioux Falls, South Dakota.	Tec 5	19 Jan. 44—	
NATTER, Harry L	1331 Clay Ave Bronx, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 — 29 Nov. 42	
* NEAL, Clair A	311 Pennsylvania Ave Warren, Pennsylvania.	Tec 5	4 Nov. 42—	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
NEWTON, Maurice A	503 S. 13 ¹ / ₂ Street Terre Haute, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	3 Jan 44
NIELSEN, Frank T	230 W. Van Buren Street Battle Creek, Michigan.	Pfc		23 Feb. 43
* NORRIS, William J	15 Quimby, Street N. E. Grand Rapids, Michigan.	Tec 4	29 Jun. 43—	
* NORTH, Benjamin J	246 Pleasant Street Canadaigua, New York.	Pfc		16 Feb. 43
OBERMARK, Donald R	1220 West 5th Ave Gary, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42—	11 Oct. 43
* OLKO, Stanley J	211 Paterson Ave Wallington, New Jersey.	S/Sgt	28 Jul. 42—	
PAIT, Theron B	Route 1 Bladenboro, North Carolina.	Pvt		13 Nov. 43
* PANOS, Thomas E	279 Plane Street Newark. New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42—	
PAPA, Vincent	1122 Longwood Ave Bronx, New York.	Pfc		13 Nov. 42
* PARADEE, William J	4 Stanley Ave Merchantville, New Jersey.	Tec 3	23 Jul. 42—	
PARRISH, Willie V	Dixon, Kentucky.	Pvt		11 Oct. 43
PEARCE, Victor V	7218 Indiana Ave Kansas City, Missouri.	Pvt		3 Jan. 44
* PEARSON, Carl H	Box 780 Milaca, Minnesota.	Cpl	29 Oct. 42—	
* PELLEGRINI, Charles M	416 Washington Ave Cliffside Park, New Jersey.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42—	
* PENCE, Edward M	505 East Center Blanchester, Ohio.	S/Sgt	7 Nov. 42—	
* PENN, William H	919 Jackson Street Paducah, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42—	5 Jul. 45
* PEOPLES, Preston W	Box 75 Winterset, Ohio.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	
* PERKINS, Denver T	Sutton, West Virginia.	Pfc	28 Jun. 45—	
* PETERSON, Robert J	Route 1 Columbus, Wisconsin.	Tec 5	19 Jul. 45—	
PETELN, Carl	362 East 156th Street New York City.	Pvt		1 Nov. 42
PETRUZZI, Frank B	229 3rd Street Elyria, Ohio.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42—	23 Nov. 43
* PFEIFER, William J	Route 1 Dyer Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
PHILLIPS, Estel E	Ganley Mills West Virginia	Pvt		24 Feb. 43
* PHILLIPS, John D	Route 2 Deputy, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
* POMPONIO, Rocco	49 South Ave Box 817 Manville, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	
* PORSCHE, William S	530 Ray Avenue Ridgefield, New Jersey.	Pvt	20 May 44 —	
* PRYOR, Bornice H	2700 Summer Ave Waco, Texas.	Tec 4	19 Sep. 43	
PUZIO, Michael J	225 Wallington Ave Wallington, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	12 Nov. 43
* QUEEN, Robert L	Bismarck, Missouri.	Cpl	3 Jun. 45 —	
* QUICK, Robert P	1639-24th Ave Moline, Illinois.	Cpl	7 Oct. 43 —	
* RACCA, Wiltz	Broussard Louisiana.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43 —	
* RAMSEY, Raymond F	2635 Cedar Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	28 Jun. 45 —	
* REED, Charles F	348 North State Line Union City, Indiana.	Sgt	7 Nov. 42 —	
REES, Lloyd G	RFD 3 Sparta, Michigan.	Tec 5		13 Nov. 42
* REESE, Jack R	Star Route Waats, Oklahoma.	Tec 5	22 May 43 —	
* REHOR, Carl P	210 N. Atlantic Ave Haddonfield, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	
* REIMER, Marvin J	Danbury, Iowa	Pvt	29 Oct. 43 —	
RELLA, Ettore	202 West 14th Street New York City.	Tec 3	28 Jul. 42 —	5 May 43
REYNOLDS, Conrad L	Coal Fork, West Virginia.	Pvt		4 Oct. 43
RICKLES, Joseph	158 Penn Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt		31 Aug. 42
* RIEDERMAN, Norman H	190 Penn Street Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 4	23 Jul. 42 —	
* RIEGE, George L	Route 2 Cuba City, Wisconsin.	Tec 4	29 Jun. 45 —	
ROBERTS, Robert W	423 S. Grand Ave Marion, Ohio.	Pvt		3 Jan. 44
* ROBERTS, William P	1641 S. Yewdell Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Sgt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
ROBERTSON, William R	Clarkson, Kentucky.	Pvt		— 20 Mar. 43
* ROCKWELL, Kenneth E	Constantine, Michigan.	Sgt	29 Oct. 42	—
* RODGERS, Theodore E	187 Chandler Ave Johnstown, Pennsylvania.	Tec 5		— 19 Apr. 45
* RODICK, Joe T	1015 West Bruce Street South Bend, Indiana.	Cpl		— 31 Mar. 45
ROGERS, Vincent P	283 Glenwood Ave East Orange, New Jersey.	Tec 5		— 11 Oct. 43
* ROSE, Lawrence	187 Park Street Stoneham, Massachusetts.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43	—
* ROSNER, Alex	3460 City Terrace Los Angeles, California.	Pfc	7 Oct. 43	—
RUSSELL, Harry H	1947 Auburn Ave Cincinnati, Ohio.	Pvt		— 10 Feb. 43
SAKALSKY, George E	154 S. 3rd Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42	— 13 Mar. 43
* SANDEFUR, Melville E	Route 119 Box 18 Canada, Kentucky.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42	—
SANDERSON, John R	716 S. Walnut Street Edinburg, Indiana.	Tec 3		— 9 Jan. 44
SANDLER, Alex	1044 DeKalb Ave Brooklyn, New York.	S. Sgt	28 Jul. 42	— 11 Oct. 43
SARVER, Roy J	558 East 3rd Street Peru Indiana.	Pvt		- 4 Mar 43
* SAYE, Gilbert C	Ingram Branch, West Virginia.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42	— 15 Apr. 44
* SCAGLIONE, John J	1968—77 th Street Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42	—
SCHENKMAN, Seymour	1507 Washington Ave Bronx, New York.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42	— 11 Oct. 43
* SCHEPPER, Wayne C	719 North Alabama Street Brazil, Indiana.	Tec 4	7 Nov. 42	—
* SCHMALSTIG, George H	RR 2 Wilmington, Ohio	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42	— 22 May 45
* SCHMITZ, Vincent	Box 26 Dumont, Minnesota.	Tec 5	7 Oct. 43	—
* SCHMOYER, Luther T	828 Lawrence Street Allentown, Pennsylvania.	Pfc	28 Jun. 45	—
* SCHULTZ, Alvin L	c/o Mrs. Fred Schutte 524—17th Ave S Minneapolis, Minnesota.	Tec 5	27 Feb. 43	—
SCHUMACHER, Earl S	7317 Inka Ave Madeira, Ohio.	Pvt		— 28 Feb. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
SCHUSTAL, Samuel I	70 Gouvernour Street New York City.	Pfc		— 11 Apr. 43
* SCHUTZ, Francis F	1155 Brussels Street St. Mary's Pennsylvania.	Tec 5	29 Oct. 42—	
* SCHWARTZ, Cecil S	115 Renwick Place Syracuse, New York.	Pvt	18 Sep. 43—	
SCHWARTZ, Sam B	40 Featherbed Lane Bronx, New York.	Pvt		— 17 Sep. 42
* SCUDERI, James	390 Vernon Ave Brooklyn, New York.	Sgt	28 Jul. 42—	16 Mar. 44
* SEID, Samuel	386 South 2nd Street Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 4	22 May 43—	
SELTZER, Abraham	305 Powell Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pvt		— 13 Mar. 43
SHACK, Norman F	1302 Ave B Flint, Michigan.	S/Sgt	15 Jul. 42—	11 Oct. 43
* SHANKS, Albert H	1221 Winchester Ave Route 5 Box 396 Roanoke, Virginia	Pvt	16 Sep. 44—	19 Dec. 44
SHAPIRO, Jesse J	262 Broome Street New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42—	24 Feb. 43
* SHAW, William J Jr	21 Chelsea Ave Newark, New Jersey.	Cpl	28 Jul. 42—	
* SHERMAN, James W	RD 1 c/o H. D. Bair Sharpsville, Pennsylvania.	Tec 3	4 Nov. 42—	
* SHEWMAN, Walter A	Cambridge City, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42—	
* SHIRKEY, James	1701 Grand Ave Connersville, Indiana	Cpl	7 Nov. 42—	
SHRADER, Henry L	1406 Sycamore Ave Cincinnati, Ohio,	Pvt		— 4 Mar. 43
SHTOB, Abe	1407 Skakespeare Ave New York City.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42—	29 May 43
SHUMYLO, George J Jr	1085 Tyler Street Gary, Indiana.	Pvt		— 4 Oct. 43
SILVERSTEIN, Leo H	1566 Macombs Road Bronx, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42—	3 Nov. 42
SIMON, Leonard	550 Saratoga Ave New York City.	Pvt		— 24 Feb. 43
* SIMPSON, Merle E	Route L Tell City, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	
* SINCLAIR, John W	86 W Corydon Street Bradford, Pennsylvania.	Pfc		— 5 Jul. 43
* SKEMBES, George A	636 West 138th Street c/o Pericles Pergopolous New York City	Pvt		— 5 Jul. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
SLADE, Theodore B	1669 Grand Ave New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
* SNELL, Sanford L	Caneyville, Kentucky.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
* SORENSEN, James H	6010 Temple Street Tampa, Florida.	Tec 5		
* SPAHR, Edwin G	609 Madison Street Carlstadt, New Jersey.	S/Sgt	28 Jul. 42 —	
* SPELLS, Samuel K	Route 2 Nashville, Georgia.	Pfc		5 Jul. 45
* SPENCER, Raymond	Holts Summit, Missouri.	Pfc	22 May 43 —	
* SPENCER, Tom M	446 S. Lafayette Newton, Illinois.	Cpl	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* SPINNER, Alex	815 Fox Street Bronx, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	
* STABLER, Charles W	Route 5 East Main Street Springfield, Ohio.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
* STARK, Sidney	1466 President Street Brooklyn, New York.	Tec 4	14 Nov. 42 —	
* STEELE, Wylen F	2569 Indianola Ave Columbus, Ohio.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	
* STEVENS, Joseph B	109 Depot Street Grass Valley, California.	Tec 4		5 Jul. 45
STONE, Cleatus L	1346 Washington Street Henderson, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	12 Nov. 43
* STRUTT, Melby W	RFD 1 Piketon, Ohio.	Tec 5	19 Jul. 45 —	
* SUE, Hom D	22 Mulberry Street New York City.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	
SULLIVAN, Harvey E	3341 N. South Port Ave Chicago, Illinois.	Pvt	15 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
* SZYMONIK, Walter L	4245 Grover Ave Hammond, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Oct. 43 —	
TASSEY, William V	Milner Hotel 2nd Penn St Camden, New Jersey.	Tec 5		17 Apr. 45
* TAYLOR, Charles M	1134 South 16 Street Terre Haute, Indiana.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	14 Aug. 44
* TAYLOR, Lloyd E	Route 1 Tell City, Indiana.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42 —	
* THALBERG, Gordon M	Box 24 Montevideo, Minnesota.	Tec 3	29 Oct. 42 —	
THIM, Benjamin	1551 Walton Ave Bronx, New York.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* THOMAS, Clifford L	RD 3 Moundsville, West Virginia.	Pfc	7 Nov.42 —	
* THOMPSON, Harold E	Box 190 Wewahitchka, Florida.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
THOMPSON, James W	1878 Barth Ave Indianapolis, Indiana.	Pvt		— 4 Mar. 43
* THORN, Alfred W	925 West End Ave New York City.	Tec 3	28 Jul. 42 —	
* THRONSON, Sidney F	Evansville, Minnesota.	Cpl	7 Oct. 43 —	
TOEDTER, Howard A	400 East 52nd Street New York City.	Pfc		— 13 Nov. 42
* TOLLEY, Fred H	5202 Twin Oak Drive Lynchburg, Virginia.	Pvt	3 Jun. 45 —	
* TONN, Warren J	Minnesota Ave Glenwood, Minnesota.	Pfc		— 5 Jul. 45
TOOMEY, Myron S	3505 Beecher Road Flint, Michigan.	M/Sgt	15 Jul. 42 —	8 Jun. 43
TOPJIAN, Robert M	89 Prospect Street West Roxbury, Massachusetts.	Pfc		— 11 Oct. 43
TOPPASS, John O	232 Hallie Irvin Street Richmond, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov.42 —	27 Dec. 43
* TRIVETT, Conley E	Konnarock, Virginia.	Pfc	28 Jun. 45 —	
* TROUP, Jack C	243 Illinois Ave Dayton, Ohio.	Tec 5	19 Jul.45 —	
* TUCKER, William E	276 N 4 th Street Gadsden, Alabama.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* TURIM, Irving A	c/o Rosen 155 East 168th Street Bronx, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	28 Jun. 45
* TURPIN, Foster L	RR 1 Newcastle, Indiana.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42 —	5 Jul. 45
TWIDWELL, William E	Maxwell, Nebraska.	Pfc		— 12 Nov. 43
TYLER, Morris	Talcott, West Virginia.	Pfc	7 Nov.42 —	11 Oct. 43
* TYREE, George M	Oak Ridge, Virginia.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* USHER, Calvin C	2617 West Jackson Blvd Chicago, Illinois.	Pfc	28 Jun. 45	
VANNATTA, Wilson M	1116 St. Paul Street Indianapolis, Indiana.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	11 Nov. 43
VAUGHAN, Hardin	RR 4 Shelbyville, Kentucky.	Pvt		— 4 Mar. 43

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
* VELASQUEZ, Francisco	Box 525 Nogales, Arizona.	Pvt	27 Feb. 43 —	
* VENESS, Donald R	29 Chestnut Street Danbury, Connecticut.	Cpl	3 Jun. 45 —	
* VIDMAR, Peter F Jr	416 East 5th Street New York City.	S/Sgt	21 Nov. 42 —	
* VINCENT, Gene S	618 Park Ave Louisville, Kentucky.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* VITANZA, Matthew J	17 Mozart Street Binghamton, New York.	Pvt	3 Jun. 45 —	
VLOSKY, Milton E	61 Hillside Place Newark, New Jersey.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
WALDBERG, John R	106 West 13th Street New York City.	Pvt	28 Jul. 42 —	10 Oct. 42
WALERIUS, Raymond J	Cambridge, Minnesota.	Tec 4		19 Nov. 43
* WALKER, James H	240 Cattell Ave West Collingswood, New Jersey.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	
* WALSH, William L	Route 2 New Prague, Minnesota.	Pvt		25 Jun. 45
* WARREN, Harold N	6968 75th Street Middle Village, Long Island, N. Y.	Tec 4	28 Jul. 42 —	
WASSERMAN, Sheldon	78 East 91st Street Brooklyn, New York.	Pfc	28 Jul. 42 —	24 Feb. 43
* WEARLY, Wilbur D	West Liberty, Ohio.	l/Sgt	7 Nov. 42 —	
WEBB, Ralph W	Livingston, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	20 Apr. 43
* WHARTON, Ralph W	523 Grant Ave Cambridge, Ohio.	Tec 4	7 Nov. 42 —	
* WHITE, Philip A	1722 Dale Road Cincinnati, Ohio.	Tec 4	7 Nov. 42 —	
WILBURN, Thomas N	515 East 3rd Street Weston, West Virginia.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	27 Mar. 43
* WILES, Robert W	1790 Joy Road RR 5 Ann Arbor, Michigan.	Tec 5	7 Oct. 43 —	
WILLISON, George A	RFD 1 Lakeview, Michigan.	Cpl	15 Jul. 42 —	11 Oct. 43
WILMS, Arthur	238 Eastern Parkway Irvington, New Jersey.	Tec 5		28 Feb. 43
WILSON, Ray	RD 1 Briston, Kentucky.	Pvt	7 Nov. 42 —	14 Jan. 43
* WINTERS, Joseph M	127 Siuth Serrano Street Los Angeles, California.	Tec 5	28 Jul. 42 —	1 Sep. 45

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	RANK	JOINED	LEFT
WISOTSKY, George	2532 Creston Ave Bronx, New York.	S/Sgt	28 Jul.42 —	31 Jul. 43
* WOJTAS, Benjamin M	94 Madison Street Passaic, New Jersey.	M/Sgt	28 Jul. 45 —	
* WOODRUM, Lowell L	Uneeda, West Virginia.	Tec 5	7 Nov. 42—	
WRIGHT, Jennings	Bolair, West Virginia.	Pvt		— 24 Feb. 43
YOST, George L Jr	806 W. Ft Thomas Ave Ft. Thonas, Kentucky.	Pvt		— 24 Feb. 43
ZANFT, Auram B	51 Greenwich Ave New York City.	S Sgt	28 Jul.42 —	11 Oct. 43
* ZEIDES, George A	123 Prospect Street Mansfield, Ohio.	Pfc	7 Nov. 42—	
* ZCZYGIEL, Andrew J	113 E. Mansion Street Jackson, Michigan.	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* ANDERSON, Preston S	Unknown	Sgt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* BALOUSKI, Peter P	Unknown	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* BARNARD, James H	Unknown	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* BYRD, William H	Unknown	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* CAMPBELL, J. E. (io)	Unknown	Pfc	16 Sep. 44—	19 Dec. 44
* CSERVITS, John S	Unknown	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* GALLUCCI, Edward S	Unknown	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* HANCOCK, Daniel R	Unknown	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* PALERMO, John	Unknown	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* MC LAUGHLIN, Alexander.	Unknown	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* PATTERSON, Monan H	Unknown	Pfc	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* STEINOUR, Samuel C	Unknown	Pvt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44
* WALDRIE, Clayton E	Unknown	I/Sgt	16 Sep. 44 —	19 Dec. 44

* Those who have seen overseas service with organization.

Total EM — with organization since activation 483

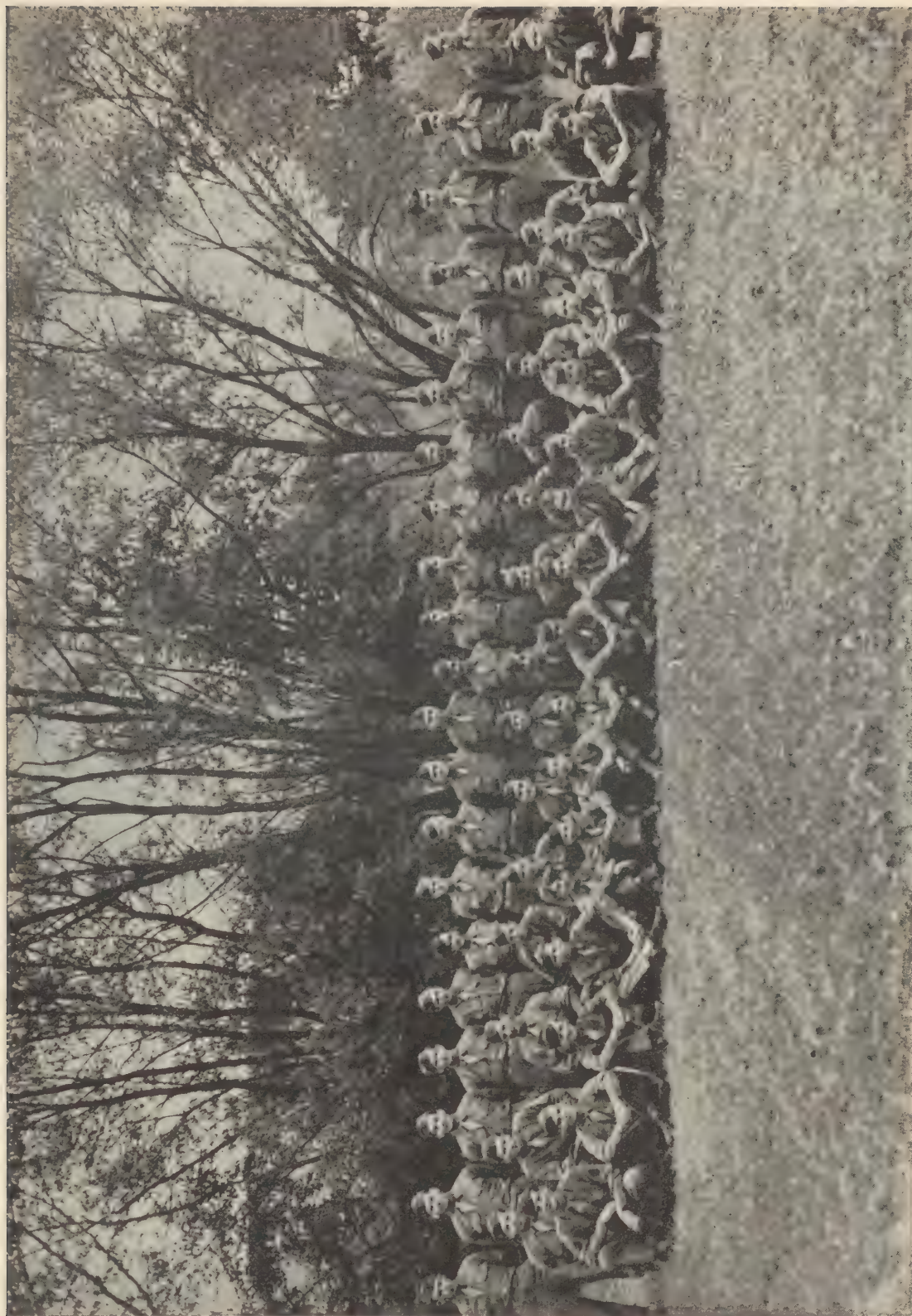
Overseas with Unit — 282 EM, 34 of which were convalescent cases.



LABORATORY AND PHARMACY



SUPPLY AND UTILITY



WARD SECTION



HEADQUARTERS



SURGICAL SECTION



MESS SECTION



MOTOR SECTION



X-RAY SECTION



REGISTRAR AND RECEIVING

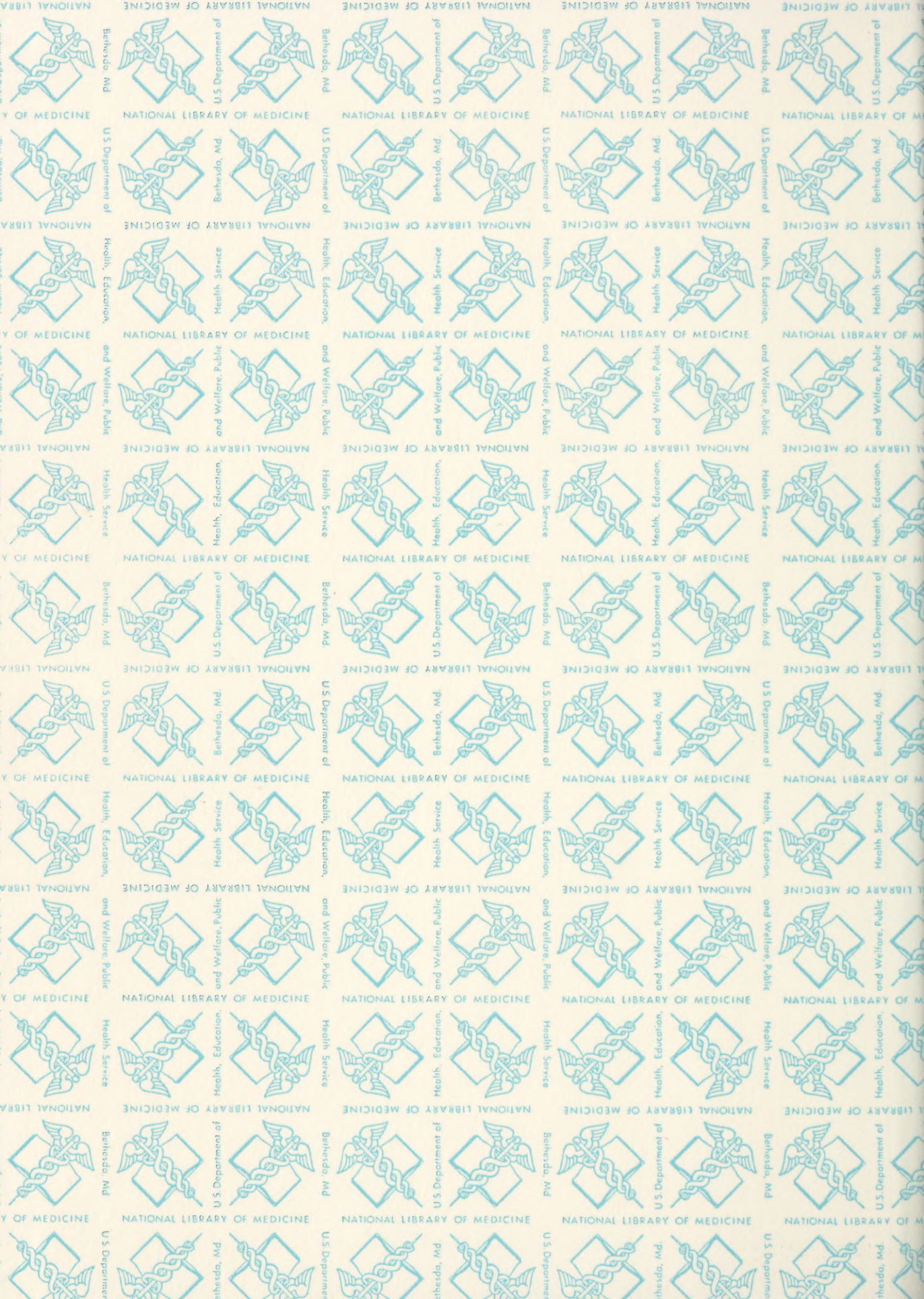


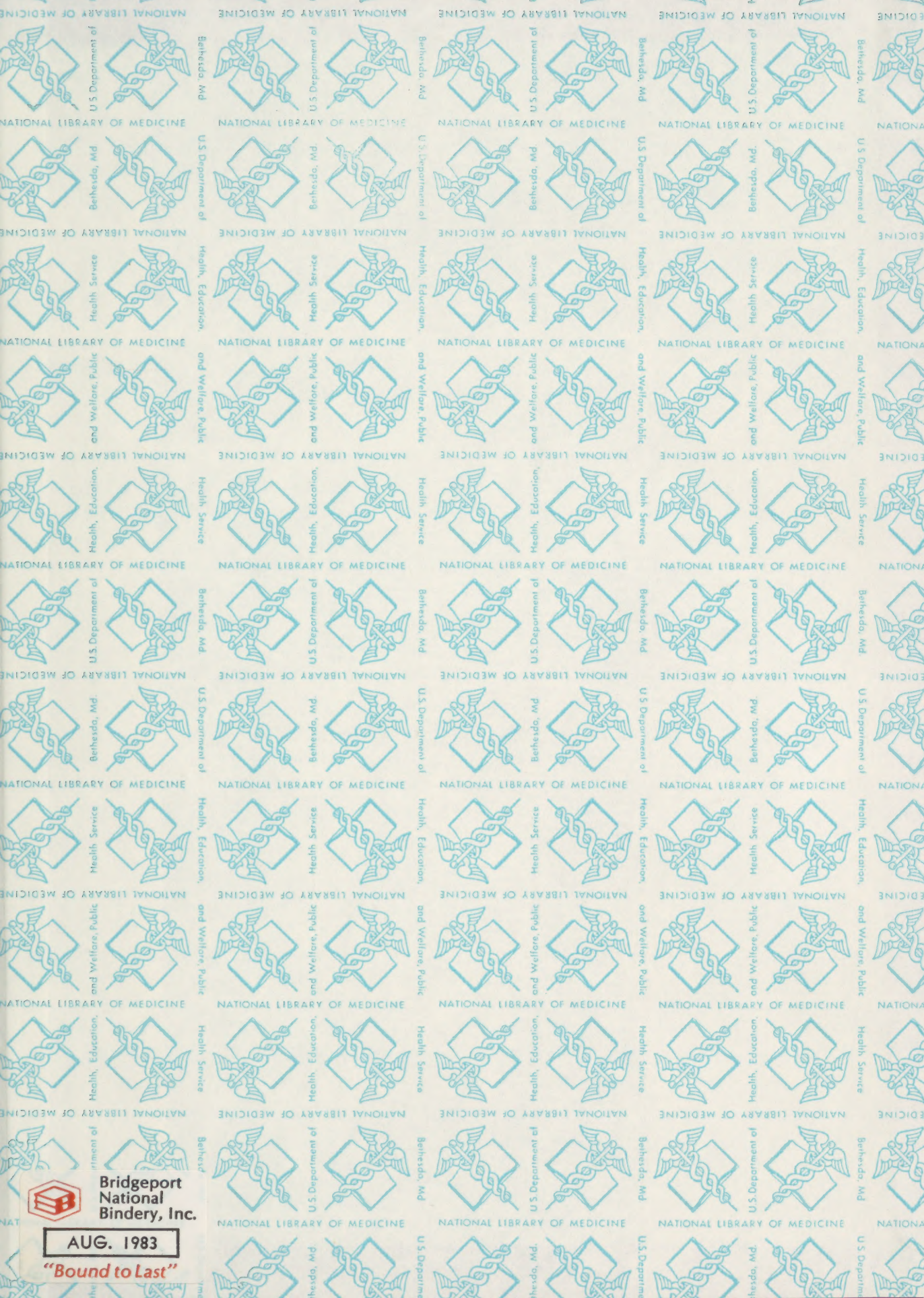
BASICS



MISCELLANEOUS SECTION

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